JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 22, 1934

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVI.
1475.

AMAZING FORGERY PLOT SEE PAGES 20 AND 21

# JOHN BULL

RECIPE.

*4 oz. Self-raising Flour, or 4 oz. Plain Flour and small teaspoon Bi-carbonate of Soda. 4 oz. Breadcrumbs. 4 oz. Shredded 'Atora.' 2 oz. Sugar. ¾ lb. Stoned Raisins. Pinch of Salt. 1 Egg and Milk to moisten. :: Cut raisins in half, mix ingredients together, stir in egg beaten up with enough milk to make a soft dough (egg optional). Dip pudding cloth in hot water, flour it, wrap it round the mixture and tie both ends with string. Steam for 2½ hours. Sufficient for 6 to 8 persons.*

Hugon's

'ATORA'

*the Good*

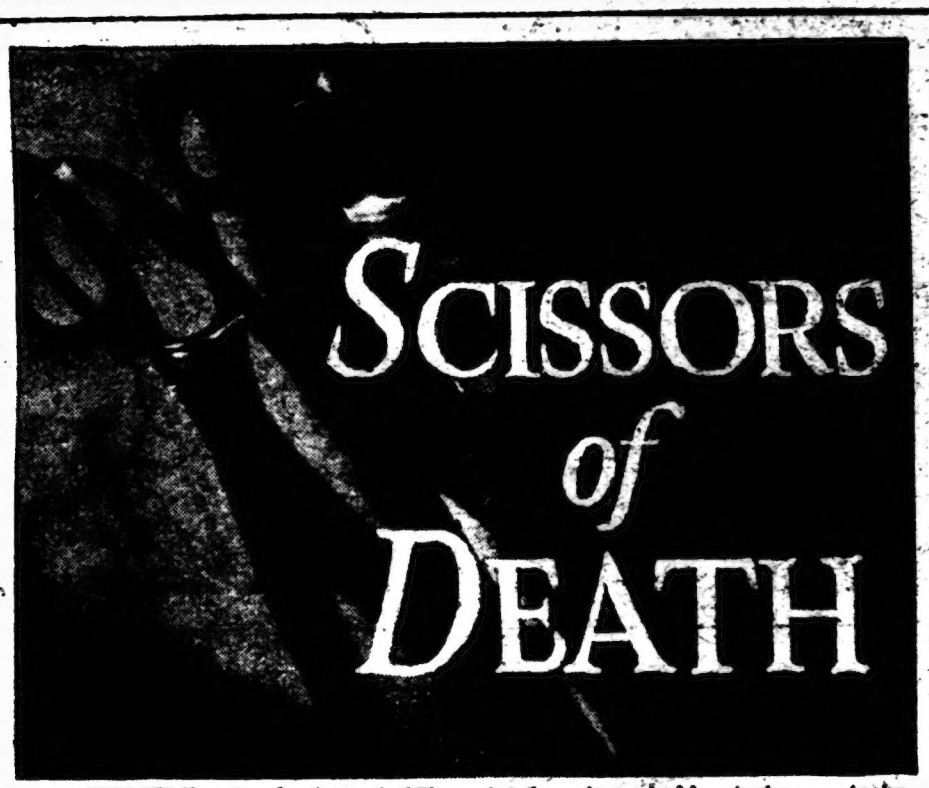
BEEF SUET

RAISIN ROLL!

Who could resist it? Sweet and juicy—appetising and healthful—and as light as a feather—thanks to 'Atora' Beef Suet.

*100 tested Recipes are given in the 'Atora' Recipe Book. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Openshaw, Manchester.*

N.42




A HOMELY pair of scissors! Who would think that in a split second they could turn into a terrifying agent of death!

Mrs. Knowles, of Connington, near Peterborough, was carrying out a simple domestic duty . . . cutting a button from a garment, when, without warning, the scissors slipped and pricked her finger. She took little notice of such an *apparently* slight mishap, but later she began to experience pain in her finger. She had to be hurried to hospital. Her finger was amputated and a blood transfusion performed, but despite every effort to save her she died of blood poisoning.

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To Mrs. Knowles' husband, who is a registered reader of JOHN BULL, JOHN BULL has sent its expression of deepest sympathy and a cheque for £110, which includes the 10 per cent. bonus added to every benefit paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more.

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Accident in the Home is but one of the many risks for which JOHN BULL provides benefits under its comprehensive Free Family Insurance Gift.

JOHN BULL is the *only* paper in the world to safeguard the home against Fire, Storm and Flood Damage and to provide benefits for Sickness, and is the *only* paper that adds a 10 per cent. bonus to benefits paid to registered readers of over three months' standing.

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 22/9/34

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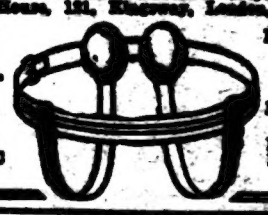

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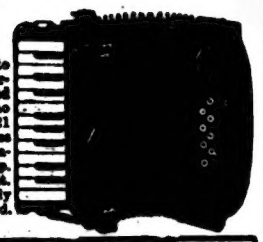

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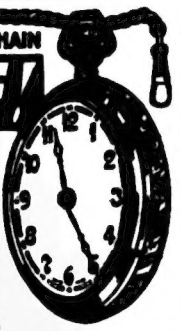

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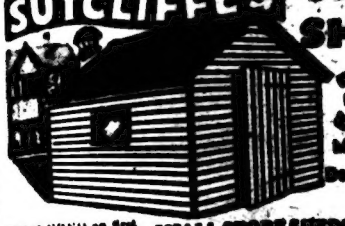

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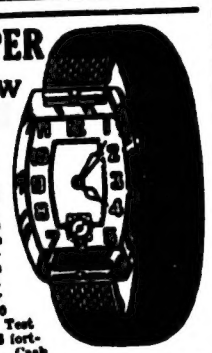

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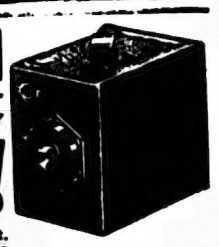

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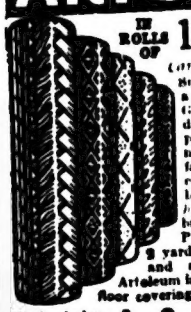

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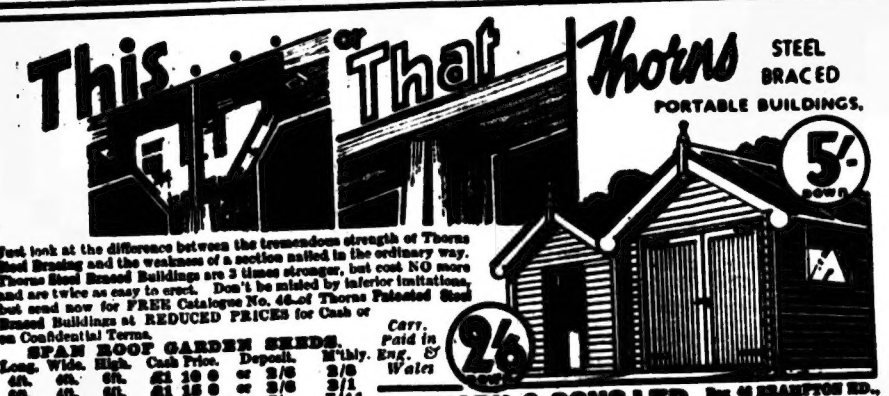

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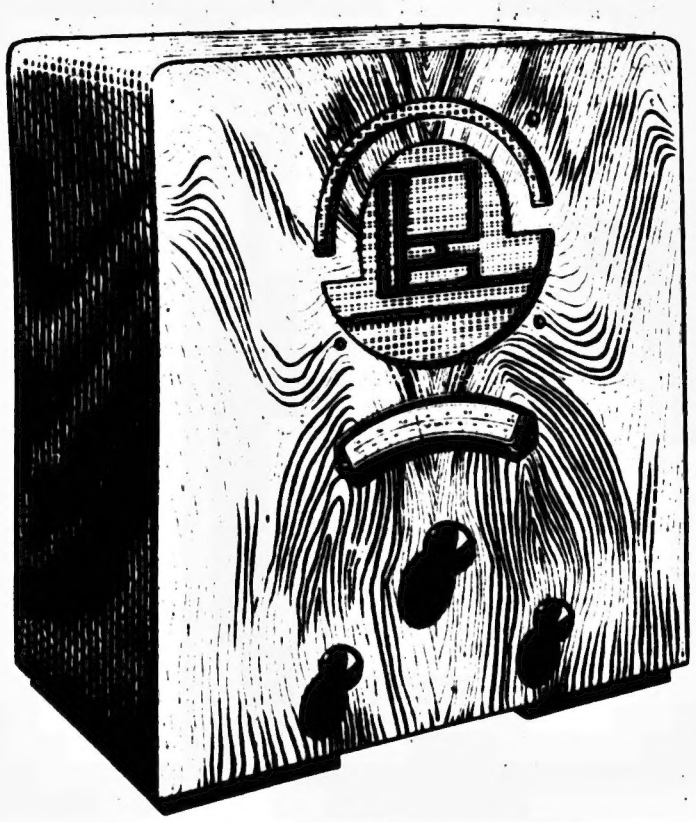

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# The BOGUS BABY

## —Fraud made Easy at the Register Office

*It may pay him to carry the baby—but let it be a real one!*

**THE registration of births, marriages and deaths in the United Kingdom costs approximately £270,000 a year.**

**This would be cheap but for some appalling abuses to which the system lends itself, and which show that our present registration laws, introduced as an experiment a century ago and scarcely amended since, call for drastic reform in the interest of public safety.**

Take the registration of births. Primarily, the duty of registering a new-born child rests with one or other of its parents, although if they fail it is provided that the birth may be notified by any person with first-hand knowledge of it, by the nurse who has the baby in her charge, or even by the occupier of the house in which it was born.

There is no need for a doctor's or midwife's certificate. The person giving the necessary information is not required to produce the slightest evidence of its truth. Not even a sworn declaration is demanded. The bare word of the informant is unquestioningly accepted.

The Registrar of Births requires no proof that any baby has actually been born at all.

It is as easy to register a bogus baby, entitling its father to an increased unemployment allowance, or to a substantial rebate of income tax, as it is to register a real one costing money to clothe and feed.

HOW many phantom infants there are, existing *only* on paper, it is impossible to say. But the inducement to fraud is so palpable, and its possibility so obvious, as to make it incredible that every child registered actually exists in flesh and blood.

We suggest that the supine authorities should shake off their slumber, and go in for a bit of live detective work. Probably they would get the shock of their lives.

As regards the registration of marriages the system is still more shockingly at fault. When a wedding takes place at a register office certain questions are asked, it is true—the ages and occupations of the parties, where they live, and who and what their fathers were.

But there is one vital question which no bridegroom and no bride is ever asked; the one question which matters above all else.

**The registration law makes no attempt to discover whether either the man or the woman is already married, and so incapable of entering into a fresh legal union.**

There was a case at the Old Bailey not long ago in which a man convicted of bigamy was proved to have gone through the form of marriage with eighteen women in various parts of the country within the space of three years!

In scarcely any other European country does a similar laxity prevail. On the Continent safeguards have been devised which make it almost impossible for even the most cunning of scoundrels to contract a bigamous marriage. In Great Britain alone the bigamy figures show a continuously upward trend.

Abroad, strict proof of identity is required from every candidate for marriage. If he has been married before, he carries a certificate recording the fact, which must be produced to the authorities at the time of the second marriage, with satisfactory proof that the first union has been dissolved by death or divorce.

Why cannot some such sensible system be embodied in our own registration laws? Within a measurable time it would stamp out bigamy, avoiding the cruel shipwreck of blameless lives.

The professional bigamist may in general have little respect for law and order, but to the verge of idolatry he worships our registration laws!

It is scarcely to be expected that a system which fails so dismally to verify childbirth, or safeguard marriage, should function more efficiently in the solemn presence of death.

OF existing methods of death registration it is difficult to speak without indignation. For, as well as a cosy haven for the bigamist, the Register Office is a harbour of refuge for the secret murderer.

The notorious George Joseph Smith, who drowned three successive brides in their baths, found no difficulty either in bigamously marrying them or in procuring certificates of their deaths from natural causes. It was by the merest chance, and through no merit in the registration laws, that he was at last brought to justice.

No doctor ought to be allowed to certify a patient's death unless he has been in attendance upon the sick person till the inevitable end is in sight. If this rule were in force there might be more inquests. But there would be fewer murders. The secret assassin would have a smaller chance of escape.

At present death certification is an incredibly haphazard business.

Suppose a doctor has a patient whom he knows to be suffering from heart disease. One day he is informed by a relative that this person has suddenly collapsed and died.

AUTOMATICALLY he writes out a certificate that death has occurred from heart failure.

This certificate is implicitly accepted by the Registrar, who never dreams of inquiring how long it is since the patient was last seen by his medical man.

**Is it possible to imagine a situation more fraught with possibilities of foul play? Why, there is even no obligation upon the doctor to satisfy himself that death has occurred, to say nothing of the immediate cause of it.**

No wonder the fear of burial alive during trance or coma haunts many sensitive minds. The existing death registration law affords no shadow of protection from this ghastly fate.

If the registration of a death is delayed, the Registrar does not worry anyone about it for fourteen days. Before then the funeral will be over. This is quite in order, provided formal notice is given to the Registrar that somebody has been buried without being certified as dead!

This sounds like a sinister jest. It is the grim truth. It is of a piece with the whole tragi-comedy of our century-old registration laws!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

# Mr. Hore-Belisha's Motor-Coach Nonsense

MR. HORE-BELISHA, the new Minister of Transport, got away with a flying start.

Now we propose to peg him back a little.

We don't begrudge him the chorus of applause that greeted his silent zones stunt. But we are not going to let him get away so easily with his designs to discourage people who wish to travel by motor-coach.

### Strange silence

The Minister's silence about a new decree he has issued against road transport has been very deep and in strange contrast to the whoops of publicity with which he launched his no-hooting orders.

When Parliament reassembles he is likely to find that the blaze of boost which he has enjoyed in the dog-days will be sadly dimmed by a storm of protest against his unheralded motor-coach edicts.

### Dropping pilots

He has even rejected the advice and decisions of his own Traffic Commissioners.

They had rightly authorised the extension of the backbone road services—between London, Blackpool, Newcastle, Edinburgh and Glasgow—to meet the public demand and convenience, and had further conceded the right to motor-coach operators to reduce their fares to enable them to compete with the new railway excursion rates.

### Hitting the public

This angered the railway managers, but they were quickly solaced when they appealed to Mr. Hore-Belisha. He erased the Commissioners' decision with a stroke of the pen.

His decree is farcical in principle and unjust to that section of the public which prefers road to rail travel.

They have been virtually told by Mr. Hore-Belisha that the great majority of them must in future give their patronage to the railways, especially in the summer and at other holiday times.

### High-handed

Where a motor-coach service runs, say, only one vehicle daily in mid-winter, it may be necessary, and has been allowed, to put twenty, thirty or forty cars on the same route during holiday or other special periods.

Mr. Hore-Belisha refuses to allow the minimum service to be more than triplicated at any time of the year or on any occasion, whatever the public demand may be.

It is not surprising that he has been so silent about this decree.

### Keeping up fares

But he has gone even further by wiping out the Traffic Commissioners' just decision that the road services should be allowed to lower fares to the level of railway excursion charges.

What Mr. Hore-Belisha says, in effect, is that only those who can afford it may travel by road—when there is accommodation—and that those who can't must go by rail.

We have had enough of this kind of lop-sided legislation imposed on the nation by the whim of a single Minister.

### Subsidy for landlords

But we are glad his colleague, Sir Hilton Young, is bestirring himself. He is drawing the attention of local authorities to an old rent scandal.

Because out-of-work tenants receive an allowance for rent from the public assistance committee, many landlords are keeping up their rents at an artificial level.

Which means that poor law funds are being used to subsidise unscrupulous landlords.

### Out he goes!

Unfortunately, the "pay up or get out" rule applies not only to that, but every other housing scandal, as an Evesham man has just learned.

He refused to pay rent because, he said, his house was in a disgraceful condition; he had to place basins under the roof to catch the rain. He has now been ordered to get out by the Bench.

We wonder what the Bench really thought about it?

## Week's Work: 15s. Wages

## Convicts with Servants

*"Full up!" says Mr. Hore-Belisha. "You must go by train, whether you like it or not"*

### Family's plight

Finally, we must tell you of another family that is forced to live in a tent—the second case within a fortnight.

Forced to leave their house because of repairs, Mr. and Mrs. White, of Hucknall, Notts, went to live with a daughter on a new housing estate. The owners regarded this as a violation of the agreement, and they had to leave.

Evicted from their next house, the whole family of eleven found themselves in the street, their furniture being ruined by the rain.

### In a tent

Mr. White is aged seventy-four; one of his children is a cripple. Quite rightly, he refuses to enter the workhouse so long as he can pay for shelter.

The only help the council can give is to provide a tent in a field, where the family is now living. And they must leave even that on October 1!

Can we boast of our civilisation so long as such things happen?

### Infamous

And only a crazy officialdom can justify such things as the virtual imprisonment of a child because of her parents' failure to send her to school.

Yet, instead of dealing with the parents, the Woking Bench has ordered a thirteen-year-old girl to be lodged in "an approved school" for three years, despite a doctor's evidence that the mother's mind might become unbalanced if her daughter was taken away.

### Servants for convicts!

But, still more surprising, "star" convicts in some of our big prisons are allowed to employ other prisoners to clean out their cells and similar menial duties! So it is that men who have been convicted of great frauds or robberies are able, even in jail, to escape the full penalty of their crimes.

We say that this is a concession which should not be tolerated.

### Cheated

We're sorry for a South London man who was sent by the Tooting employment exchange to a "dud" job. After two days' work, the man received a letter informing him that his services were no longer required and a cheque for wages.

But the cheque was also "dud," and the employer has disappeared. Yet the victim cannot obtain the "dole" for the two days he lost, though he is in very poor circumstances.

Isn't it time some humanity was used to temper official regulations?

### Sad but silly

And we sympathise with the elderly couple who, fearing burglars, carried about with them their life savings of £185—till they were stolen from them in a Leicester street.

Still, it isn't easy to understand their fear.

The Post Office Savings Bank doesn't pay a high interest, but it's burglar-proof.

*The Fragrant Minute.*

## HEARTS TOGETHER

*"KEEP your tents separate and bring your hearts together." What a splendid proverb for every type of weather. The Arab who first said it plumbed the human heart. He knew what we know—best keep our tents apart. For individual temperament demands its own roof-tree. What appeals to you, folk, may not appeal to me.*

*Ah! bring your hearts together! With this the proverb ends. A street full of houses—but let us all be friends! Your house and my house and houses by the score, but often someone knocking at another's door. For doors and walls and windows can't keep friends apart. Keep your tent separate—forgather with your heart.*

**Wilhelmina Stitch.**

*John Bull Copyright.*

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

### Amazing decision

The defending solicitor said that "to send a girl to a school in Northumberland which was nothing more or less than a reformatory was a blot on her character."

We think it a blot on the magistrates.

### Broadmoor lackeys

We suppose most people are surprised to learn that Ronald True, the murderer, is allowed the service of a batman at Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum. His batman, himself a murderer, committed suicide last week.

Actually, any Broadmoor inmate who can afford a few shillings a week is allowed to employ one of the poorer inmates as his servant. There is something to be said for this, since it provides the servant with pocket-money.

### Revolting shows

We are pleased a move is being made to cleanse Blackpool of some of the morbid growths of modern showmanship.

Councillors are trying to stop such exhibitions as "brides starving in glass coffins," pole-squatting, non-stop dancing contests and the like.

They are wise. Blackpool became famous as a centre for healthy amusement, but it would lose its good name if it tolerated these revolting vulgarities much longer.

### Manners, please!

We welcome the onslaught on another sort of vulgarity just made by Canon Curwen, of Workington, Cumberland. He held up a wedding service until women who were standing on the seats were induced to show better manners.

We wonder what they would think of him if, when visiting them, he wiped his feet on their parlour armchair?

### The great betrayal

Another man with the courage of his convictions is Dr. Theodore Craig, medical officer of Weetslade, Durham. We like his slashing attack on the shabby treatment of disabled ex-Service men.

He remembers how many of these men, when discharged from the Army because of their wounds, returned courageously to the mines to produce the coal which their country desperately needed at that time.

Now they are out of work and their "dole" is cut down because of their war pensions.

### Miserable meanness

"Any man who, by sheer grit, tries to eke out his pension by an honest day's work, should be helped rather than penalised," says this outspoken doctor.

"Eke" is the right word. As a guardian of public health he knows how miserably inadequate some of these pensions are.

And that is what makes the niggardly haggling of officialdom so incredibly mean.

### Wages that shock

And though we've heard a lot about the meanness of Japanese wages, we doubt if they are much worse than those paid by a Stoke-on-Trent firm.

Compelled to ask for time to pay a small fine, a warehouseman aged twenty-one disclosed that he earned only 15s. for a full week's work. The other wage-earner in his home, a seventeen-year-old brother, gets 16s. a week from the same firm!

Doesn't that make you feel that we ought to apologise to the Japs?

### Shameful relic

Next, listen to the bitter complaint of a well-educated young man, Leo Peters, who has fallen on bad times.

Though prepared to work for a night's lodging in a poor law institution, he refused to give up his clothing, and ended up in the police court.

"I thought there was food and shelter for the hungry," he said. "Now I know there is only when you consent to wear prison uniform."

Yes, this callous survival of a bygone age should be abolished.

### Little by little

The little more and how much it is!

By each paying a penny a week, ten thousand Post Office workers in all parts of the country have been able to buy Bryn Asaph, one of the most beautiful mansions in Wales, and equip it as a convalescent and holiday camp for themselves, their wives and children.

We can't have too many schemes like this.

### His deserts

One of the meanest writers of begging letters is Henry Theodore Green, who preys on widows and other relatives of deceased persons.

We have exposed him from time to time in these columns, and can now report that he has been sentenced at London Sessions to a year's imprisonment.

### Charity to shun

"It is high time to warn the public that they should go very carefully into the administration of this society before handing over any more subscriptions."

So say the Kingston magistrates about the Destitute and Homeless Help Society, of York Road, London.

Well, the public has been warned many times—by JOHN BULL.

# FIRE at SEA! —Are British Ships Safe?

*Most appalling of all disasters—fire at sea. This picture shows the burning French liner "L'Atlantique"*

THERE is scarcely any human catastrophe which more numbs the mind with horror than a fire at sea. The awful disaster to the American liner *Morro Castle* has in all its circumstances merely confirmed the worst that the average landsman has thought and felt about that grimmest of terrors.

As a result of this tragedy the inevitable question will arise in the minds of the people of this country —how far are *British* ships safe?

The answer is found in the marine records of fires at sea. In the last ten years fewer than a dozen passengers have lost their lives in fires at sea on British vessels. In ten years, from 1922 to 1932, when the last underwriters' world figures were published, there has been the astonishing average total of 400 ship fires a year. But British ships are easily at the bottom of this list.

The answer, then, is that British vessels are easily the safest from fire in the world. But there is a rider to that answer. One big marine fire disaster can wipe out the record of years of safety. And British ships can be, and must be, made safer still.

Remember that it is almost impossible to devise anything which can burn more easily than a modern passenger-carrying vessel. Think how quickly a grate fire burns if you lay the paper and wood and coal with air spaces in between, and add a powerful bellows to the general effect.

The paper, wood and coal are the elaborate fabrics and wooden fittings of the cabins covered with beautiful but highly inflammable cellulose paint and varnishes; the air spaces are the lines of cabins themselves; the bellows is the forced draught ventilation which liner passengers now demand, so that they can enjoy the temperature of an English beach in the middle of the Red Sea.

In those circumstances the only hope is the speed with which a fire can be discovered, and how quickly it can be limited and fought. Once a ship fire has got any considerable hold it is an almost hopeless task to beat it. A short time before discovery can mean all the difference between safety and disaster.

## Discipline that saves

AND there are additional fire-fighting difficulties which can happen only at sea, and these help to make a fatal issue more certain than a fire ashore. Hurricane weather, for instance, and a wildly rolling ship; pump breakdowns, and so on.

Ashore, a building can be vacated in a few minutes and a hundred fire pumps be on the job as fast as motor engines can bring them; and fire-fighters can smash through glass windows and slate roofs faster than they can cut through the steel and wood structure of a ship.

The iron discipline of British crews, and certain elemental precautions in which we lead the world, have so far helped to make Britain's safety record. That discipline remains; it cannot be bought or improved. But the precautions can be improved.

On the credit side they are these. Every fifty feet in the alleyways of British passenger vessels there is a fire hydrant and hose coupled up to pumps which instantly start at full pressure. Above each hydrant there is an alarm bell which communicates with bridge, engine-room and various crew's quarters.

In addition, a few of the larger vessels are equipped with mechanical sprinklers in all cabins, which automatically release a deluge of water immediately a certain temperature is reached. A few others have smoke alarms fitted in the holds, which even a cigarette smoke will set off.

Electric wiring (a fruitful source of fire disasters like that of the French liner *Georges Phillipar*) is on British ships installed to the requirements of the Institute of Electrical Engineers. Those regulations go far beyond anything demanded in any other country in the world.

As far as the human factor is concerned, watchmen patrol the larger vessels day and night throughout the voyage. Their beats are so arranged that none of the many points selected is left unvisited for more than an hour. Automatic recorders are installed at those points at which the watchmen must "clock in."

## Safeguards ignored

FIRE drill is held for certain members of the crew as part of boat drill. By statutory regulation it takes place within a few hours of leaving port and is continued at intervals throughout the voyage.

Included in that drill is the routine for getting passengers speedily from the fire areas, or, in the last resort, to the boats. And the "muster system" in rule on all British vessels ensures that all passengers and crew know their boat stations.

On the debit side, all these precautions and regulations do not go as far as they may.

Only a few of the larger vessels have availed themselves of the latest fire detection and fighting apparatus which Science has devised, such as selenium smoke alarms, sprinklers and extinguishing gas injectors. Why should not all vessels above a small minimum of passenger complement be compelled to fit these devices?

Fire delimiting zones are not complete enough. The London Convention of 1929 said that no corridor would be allowed to be more than 131 feet in length without fire-resisting bulkheads. That is still too long. An enormous fire draught can still be created in 131 feet. That space should be broken up by easily-shut fire screens or curtains. That is the opinion of most of the naval architects in this country. But the craze for enormous and elaborate public rooms has prevented that measure.

Combustible wood and paints should be replaced by fireproof paints and wood and fireproof partitions between cabins. The owners have resisted fireproof woods on two grounds: first, that when they were first introduced they were found to absorb and throw off moisture and were otherwise imperfect and objectionable; second, that they were too costly.

## Fire protection squad

THE first objection is now ruled out. The Admiralty discovered some time ago a wood treatment that had none of these difficulties, and all the later warships are now fitted with fireproof wood. Others are being made so. Why should not all passenger vessels be made similarly fireproof?

The second objection, cost, should *not* count. In any case, Admiralty naval architects have estimated that to make all wood fireproof on the largest liner would add no more than 1 per cent. to its total cost.

With regard to the modern ventilating apparatus, whose efficiency can turn a ship into a blast furnace in a few minutes, it should not be beyond the wit of engineers to devise a foolproof method whereby all flues in the area of the fire can be cut out instantly.

On the human side, there should be more members of liner crews allotted to fire drill than at present, and on the larger vessels there should be a proper fire squad, who should do no other work than fire prevention. Every public hall ashore above a certain capacity must have its trained fireman. A large passenger liner can carry as many people as the biggest theatres.

More important still, passengers should be taken into confidence and told about fire precautions and shown fire drill. At present the very word "fire" is taboo to passengers. Shipowners have an idea that it is bad for business.

It is not. It is good business for passengers to see and know that they are being guarded completely against the worst of all sea terrors.

The precautions on British ships are already far more stringent than those undertaken by any other nation. The improvements outlined here are, it is hoped, already embodied in the secret recommendations of the joint committee of underwriters and shipowners who have been sitting for three years.

They should hurry up with that report, and put the recommendations into action, so that British vessels may long maintain their proud record of Safest and Best.

# A Penny-a-Mile in

ALMOST unnoticed, a revolution in transport has occurred in Great Britain during our four months of summer.

Housewives have gone by aeroplane to buy groceries in the remotest parts of Scotland with an entire absence of the fuss that usually greets the unusual. Working men cricketers have travelled by air in preference to hired cars to keep away engagements at a saving of time and money.

Commercial travellers have regularly used internal air lines both for the transport of themselves and their samples—and their firm's cashiers have passed the expenses accounts without as much as a lift of the eyebrows! And farmers' wives have not only sent their eggs to town by air with as much nonchalance as they did in the old days of carriers' carts, but have hopped in themselves when wanting a day out.

## The new travel

This everyday acceptance of flying, not as a stunt, not as a craze of the moment, not as a sport and convenience intended for the wealthy only, but as a normal means of transport enabling the ordinary man and woman to travel quickly, cheaply and comfortably between two points, has only come about this year. Yet already the effects of the new development can be seen at the air ports and landing grounds of the hundred towns throughout the kingdom that already figure in the new A B C timetable of the air.

Throughout the summer there have been seen sights that have been commonplaces at our leading railway stations for generations — scenes more rich in promise for the future of flying than any of the stunt performances which were once necessary to keep the new means of transport before the public eye.

## Vast strides

Shopgirls, typists, even factory girls, embarking for the seaside—excitedly, it is true, but no more so than when they went on their first independent holiday by train.

Grandmothers glad they won't be expected to travel with their backs to the engine. Men travelling alone and more anxious as to the safety of hip-pocket flasks than anything.

The most cheerful sights of all to the eyes of the airways' officials are the typical family parties to be seen on every aerodrome every day—the very people who have been the mainstay of the passenger traffic on the railways for so many years.

And from 1934 onwards they are going to do their bit in building up the great British network of airways that will so far annihilate distance within the next two or three years as to enable travellers to reach any part of the kingdom from any other within three hours.

People who have not yet tried air travel would be staggered if they could see for themselves what vast strides have been made in the last few months. There being no permanent structures in the sky to call attention to the existence of air lines running as strictly to schedule as our most famous express trains, and aerodromes being as a rule remote from towns, figures alone can bring it home to them

## The air rush

How many people realise that whereas there was only a total of 250 miles of internal airlines two years ago, and no more than 600 miles at the end of last summer, British machines have been maintaining regular services over a network measuring in all 4,600 miles—all within the limits of our coast-lines—throughout this summer?

These facts take on their full meaning when it is said that railway routes in Great Britain only measure 19,300 miles—roughly, about four times as far.

Fourteen different companies have been operating this huge mileage, one of them alone, in which Imperial Airways and the four different railway groups are interested, being responsible for no fewer than 1,000 miles of it. And despite the fact that one or two of them have been working at a loss, and may have to drop out, the number may well be doubled before the end of next summer.

Indeed it may be necessary before many more summers have passed to limit the concessions for carrying fare-paying passengers, as is already being done in the case of road transport companies.

Think of the joyfully embarrassing circumstances in which a few of those companies found themselves as August came along with its holiday rush. One experienced an increase of 300 per cent. in the demand for its accommodation in six weeks. Another, running relief 'planes to the sea as railway companies do with the more popular of their excursions, made herculean and, in the end, unsuccessful efforts to buy, beg or borrow suitable aircraft to augment its fleet.

The lack of suitable aircraft at the height of the rush is reflected in the many orders for new air liners that have been reaching British aircraft factories since the end of July, which are already certain to increase the British mercantile air fleets to 250 machines by the beginning of next year, as against 42 at the end of 1932 and 60 at the close of 1933.

Why, seeing that we ceased to look at aeroplanes as novelties more than ten years ago, has the country almost suddenly accepted them as a normal means of travel?

There are several answers to this question, among them the factors of increased comfort and safety. But chief among them is cost.

## It's no dream

The dawn of the era of "flying for all" has been inaugurated by designers who have given us machines which, when all allowances have been made for fuel, oil, crew, insurance, maintenance, hangar rents, depreciation and landing fees, can carry sixteen passengers—the number varies in different machines—at a cost of no more than a penny per passenger per mile, or substantially less than the third-class fares on our railways.

Let us qualify that. Nowhere are passengers being carried at a penny a mile each. But that is no fault of those designers—nor of the operating companies.

In some cases, this summer, they have been carried at 2d. a mile, or less than first-class railway fare. Along the route of almost every famous express train in the land there is an air route along which one can fly at round about first-class rail fare. The average air-fare for the country is about 3d. a mile, reckoned between two points as the crow flies. In the working out of this figure fares as high as 5d. a mile for flights in which the most economical types of machine cannot be used have been included.

Yet a penny-a-mile in the air is no mere golden dream of the future, no Utopian vision that will probably never be realised. The higher fares charged are due to the fact that the companies are unable to fill every seat on every flight, and that the machines use pretty well as much fuel when travelling half empty, and are certainly costing as much in other directions as if they travelled day after day laden to capacity.

## Winged beauty

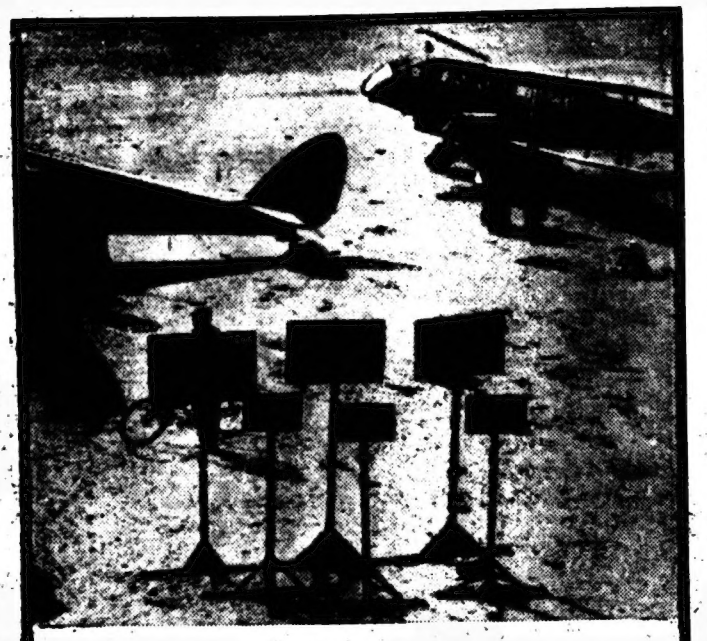
In other words, we are not quite air-minded enough as yet to keep all the seats filled. We will be more so next year, and the increase of patronage will be reflected in lower prices.

And in the not far-distant future, when companies are able to run bigger fleets and therefore handle each machine more economically, and the public interest is such that those machines are kept well filled, air travel at the present third-class railway fares will undoubtedly be the order of the day.

You don't have to be an expert on aircraft to see how those results have been attained. One look at these remarkable craft tells you all you want to know. Take a cursory glance at one of the air liners to which reference has been made, a sixteen-seater, and you will see economy stamped all over it.

From wing-tip along to wing-tip, from nose back to the trailing edge of the tail-plane, it is as beautifully stream-lined as a pheasant's feather. There isn't a single obstruction to the air it will have to meet in flight, and which will pour over it like water over a knife-edge.

The engines have tucked themselves



"'Plane departure platform"—at Jersey

A new idea in camping; aeroplane holiday-makers come down to earth for a meal

Service in the clouds; a girl attendant on a British Air Navigation Co. 'plane

## PARTNERS BY POST

THROUGH the medium of advertisements in the "personal" column, the International Correspondence Club, of 172, Bishopsgate, London, offers companionship, health and happiness.

It invites letters to be sent to a box number and through the medium of its secretary it offers introductions to "pen friends" in all parts of the world.

Correspondence with people of kindred tastes and similar outlooks, it is suggested, is one of the soundest methods of bringing an added interest to the day's routine.

And interest, it is declared, is one of the chief essentials to a happy life.

The "pen friends" to whom it offers promiscuous introductions include persons of both sexes from every walk in life.

Age is no bar; anyone from fifteen to seventy-five is eligible, and some, we learn, wish to correspond with a view to forming "closer ties" later on.

Clients have only to tell the secretary, a Mr. Arthur Heelas, exactly the type of friends they wish to meet.

An assurance is given that the International Correspondence Club is conducted on strictly business lines.

Mr. Heelas claims to have more than 10,000 names on his register, so, with an entrance fee of 5s. and an annual subscription of 2s. 6d., the proposition must be quite profitable.

"From its earliest days the club has been an unqualified success," he states in his circular letter. But he does not add that he launched his concern originally from an accommodation address.

Nor does he attempt to explain how he can hope to vouch for the integrity of those who seek postal introduction through his organisation.

Anyone who sets out to bring strangers of opposite sexes together in this way is assuming a responsibility that may easily have serious results.

# in the AIR! —It's Coming SOON

*Mother, father, sister, brother—and the young 'un too—take their places in the excursion 'plane*

away in the wing. The wing becomes the roof of the machine. Landing wheels have taken on the guise of flying bullets. Wires, which used to be a great impedance to the speed of old-fashioned machines, have said their good-bye. Even the struts, now beautifully adapted to the air flow, have to serve other purposes.

It is a triumph of economy in resistance and weight.

Three years ago 90 miles an hour seemed a nectic speed for air travel. These masterpieces of the air craft art give a far more effortless 150.

The other day saw the official inauguration of Great Britain's first network of air mail services between the leading towns—a service for *three-halfpenny* letters.

True, one of the worst storms of the year made it necessary for use to be made of the railways over part of the way—but what great innovation ever comes about without initial difficulties?

## Good for business

There was still a great saving in time, the mail was safe throughout despite the gale, and by now the service has settled down to carrying letters between Glasgow and London in four and a half hours, and Manchester and London in two and a half hours, thus bringing the business men of Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Belfast, the Isle of Man, Southampton, Cardiff, Plymouth, Bristol, and the Isle of Wight in closer touch than ever before at no greater cost to themselves.

Let us review a few of the more important regular passenger services.

Between London and Glasgow there are each-way services every day, and business men flying high over the mists and the mountains are seeing the most famous expresses in the world seemingly crawling beneath them. Quite recently a whole board of directors travelled to London in this way, fulfilling an appointment in Glasgow in the morning and holding a board meeting in London in the afternoon.

Then there is the Orkney service. What would Sir Walter Scott have thought about that? Orkney housewives taking their shopping baskets to Kirkwall. Commercial travellers visiting North Ronaldsay, Stronsay, Sanday and Westsay in a day. What lonely Westerner is not a Lord of the Isles with an aeroplane at his hand to enable him to do in hours what used to take days?

## Book your 'plane!

There is the service connecting Liverpool and the Isle of Man with the London-Glasgow service; invaluable that to shipping magnates and hurrying holiday-makers. And the Bristol-Cardiff service, with its offshoots bringing not only those two towns but Bournemouth, Plymouth, Birmingham, Liverpool and Glasgow, as well within reach of each other solely by air, is another of big national importance.

Then from Bournemouth you can fly to Portsmouth. And from Portsmouth you can fly to the Isle of Wight by 'planes leaving every half-hour at the busiest times. Again, from the Isle of Wight you can fly back to Southampton. And from Southampton you can take wings to Birmingham again.

In fact, the journeys you can make within that ever-growing network are already so numerous that a recital of them would become wearisome.

And yet the twice-daily Heston (London) to the Channel Islands service deserves mention, as possibly the most ambitious of all seaside routes.

The summer of 1934 has to be thanked for another development in popular flying—the vast extension of air taxi services.

It is interesting that you and yours can book an aeroplane by telephone for 3d. a passenger per mile for a party of about three, which is often cheaper than the cost of a hired car, and that you can get substantial reductions for very long journeys of 500 miles or more. In fact, it is possible to get down to 2d. a mile per head, for a family party, if the distance is big enough.

## Boom days ahead

No wonder a dozen municipalities are already planning air ports, in addition to the sixteen that have them already. No wonder Derby and Nottingham are putting their heads together to get a joint port half-way between the two towns, Liverpool is spending £60,000 to make herself as attractive to air travellers as to sea travellers, and Heston is barring carnivals, stunts, peep-shows and the like to get down to the real business of providing the public with the air services that are going to mean so much in our lives in the immediate future.

Aircraft makers are seeing boom days ahead. They know that not only will we go as passengers, but that many of us will soon be wanting to fly our own machines.

And so the £300 "land-in-a-decent-sized-garden" machine that can fold to go in a garage which is already on the market, and which will come down to £200, and even £150, when the demand justifies it.

The day can't be far off when we view airways as we view railways, making up our minds quickly which will suit us best for a given journey—regarding them not as rivals but each as the corollary of the other.

That day the Air Age will be with us. And history will say that its foundations were laid in the summer of 1934.

HOMELY WISDOM – *by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.*

# IN THE DARK

A FEW days ago I listened with interest and pleasure to an address by a woman speaker at a garden party whose object was to raise funds to pay for the meeting-place of a society whose basis was friendship for the lonely.

I remember the founder of the society telling me years ago how it came into existence. She had set it going because she herself had known a time of sorrow and strain when she had hardly a friend in the world.

From what she had passed through then she felt sure that there were many isolated women living drab, monotonous, worried lives who could be greatly helped by simply coming together and cheering one another up even if nothing more was done for them.

She was right; the idea quickly bore fruit; and to-day the society thus started numbers nearly eight hundred members in the South Coast town to which it belongs.

In the speech above referred to this warm-hearted lady said: "If you go into a garden in the dark, can you see any colour? No. Can you tell which are flowers and which are weeds? No, not by sight or touch; but you can by scent. You will know the roses by the fragrance they spread around them, and you are safe in gathering them to carry with you or place them in your home.

"Even so, when life is dark you may know where your friends are, not so much by appearances as by the spirit that emanates from them—the spirit of sympathy, the fragrance of fellowship.

"And when it is difficult to know the right course to take because you are too troubled to see clearly, you can be pretty sure of keeping straight if your own spirit is true.

"It is not always easy to distinguish between right and wrong, but if you trust to that inner sense we all have which discerns the difference between what is morally pure and what is morally rotten, you will come safely through every time of trial and temptation."

I thought this was a beautiful way of illustrating an experience with which everyone is familiar, and no one who heard it will be likely to forget it. It gained impressiveness, too, from the fact that the person whose mind conceived it was so unpretentious in manner and so kindly in purpose.

She spoke out of her heart and as one who knew what she was talking about from having suffered in days gone by. Instinctively her hearers trusted her, as people always will trust the man or woman from whose personality a sympathy radiates that makes no claims for itself.

Try her recipe, reader, if you have not done so already. When the dark night comes in which the mind is overwhelmed with doubts and fears, don't hold aloof from everybody and don't fall into the opposite error of laying bare your soul to everybody.

There is an aroma of goodness which you cannot mistake when it is real, and which no amount of valuable profession can simulate when it is not.

One quiet comforter whose words are few is worth a dozen chatterers who draw more vitality out of you than they put in. The one leaves you strong and the other weak.

You are poor indeed if you do not know where to turn for faithful human companionship; but beware of the kind whose influence is evil, whose ideals are mean and low, whose practice is vile.

And if you perceive a bewildered soul to be in danger for lack of the right kind of spirit in which to meet trouble, try to supply it yourself.

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Hannen Swaffer's

Open Letter to

JACK PETERSEN

# Don't TURN DOWN DEMPSEY

DEAR JACK,—I believe that you and your father made, the other day, the great mistake of your lives.

You turned down Jack Dempsey's offer to make u world heavy-weight champion within o years—if you paid him 33 per cent. your earnings. Frankly, I consider at the rejection of that offer ay cost you the championship the world.

I can understand your father anting to manage you. After l, he is your father, and he, ith his enthusiasm for physi- l culture, saw you through all e early stages of your train- g. I can quite understand ow he objects to any outside interference," that he is sus- cious, that he considers that ou and he are entitled to all the money. But—what do you and he know of e great game, as the Americans know ? It is a matter of "politics." It is ll of graft. It is Big Business.

If you and your father went to merica alone, I am afraid you would as lambs to the slaughter.

* * *

You must not forget that it was only ree years ago that you, an almost known boxer, met two men who not ly found the money for your train- g and development, but opened your es to a greater world outside Barry d Cardiff. They broadened you. ey showed you a vista of infinite ssibilities. Now you and your father ve cut adrift from them.

You have done it of your own will. ur old sponsors do not complain. They lped to find a British champion heavy- ight, and, "Corinthians" as they re- rd themselves, they are content with at. But it is not the end. You now need more guidance than ever. "I am not going to allow Jack to kill himself by fighting too often," said your father the other day.

Surely he knows that the United States produces champions not only because, with her enormous population of 120,000,000, she ought to produce, by sheer weight of average, more boxers than we can find with a populace of only one-third of hers, but because there are on the American continent so many cities where boxers can fight.

Here they do perhaps three fights a year. In America a boxer with the champion's crown as his ambition may fight perhaps once a fortnight.

Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Boston—he can go on tour of at least fifty great cities, so that he not only makes money, but he gets practice and he grows hard.

Now, Jack Dempsey is known to me. I know the qualities he has developed since first he got near the championship. When Tex Rickard died, he stepped, for loyalty's sake, into his friend's shoes. He had "retired." Now, although boxing promotion, I believe, has cost him money, he should become a great manager.

I have met, both on this side of the Atlantic and the other, not only Dempsey, but Tunney and Corbett, both world champions.

I realised that they were not just fighters, that they possessed knowledge of the world, that they had poise, that during the course of their fighting careers they had grown qualities that fitted them to take a part in the world outside the boxing ring.

You, fine boxer, charming personality, honest young fellow, have now to learn how to grow into something more than a boxer.

But for the guidance of Sam Fritzpatrick, Jack Johnson would never have achieved his position. Sam was an old master of pugilism, well experienced in the ways of men.

Nearly always behind a world champion there has been a brain. Anyway, there has always been a plan, a carefully evolved scheme suited to the temperament of the boxer, fitted to the conditions.

Often a championship has been won by some well-thought-out trick. Do you remember how, when he fought Carpentier at the National Sporting Club, Bombardier Wells was made to walk past an open door inside which, a few minutes before his great fight, Carpentier was playing shove-ha'penny, or something, on the floor, yes, treating his fight with Wells, at least when Wells was looking, with contempt like that! That was a trick of Descamps, Carpentier's manager.

* * *

One could go on for hours with cases of that kind.

Now, pay attention to those who wish you well. Do not listen to all the flatterers who hang round you and cheer you even when you lose.

You will not become world champion by fighting Cook one month and fighting Harvey again three months later and then having another go at Gains. That is all this country has to offer you.

Go to America, under the best guidance. Jack Dempsey has offered it to you. Take it!

He knows the big stuff. He knows the little tricks. There is more psychology in boxing than most people know. There are angles of approach. There are subtleties. You and your father should remember these things to-day.

We like you. You are a splendid fellow. So far, you have grown no head. You are good looking. You have personality. Indeed, you are, potentially, perhaps the best type of boxer, from the box-office point of view, since Britain hailed Carpentier as though he had been born here.

Yes, everything is on your side. If you are guided with Knowledge, the world's championship may come your way. If not, well, it means that you are throwing it away. You have thrown over the guidance of the men who brought you out—don't make another big mistake!

# CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

**ADY BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH,**
*dford Gardens, London, W.*

DEAR LADY BALFOUR,—Your sixth child s been born in a London hospital be- use you wanted to see for yourself how work is carried on, since it receives grant from your fund to provide æsthetics in childbirth.

I have often urged this merciful aid r poor mothers, and I am glad to read ur fine tribute to the hospital.

But the work must stop, you say, less more money is raised. Let us pe you will get all the money you ed!

JOHN BULL.

**. W. T. JONES,**
*ief Constable, High Wycombe*

DEAR CHIEF,—It's almost too good to be ue—your warning to courting couples at the engines of motor cars should t be left running at night to drown e exchange of parting kisses, particu- rly as the "last good night" often lasts lf an hour.

Surely kisses should be felt, but not ard?

JOHN BULL.

**v. DOUGLAS COOPER,**
*Mary's, Kettering*

REVEREND SIR,—"A betrayal, a cruel barrassment, an affront," you have itten to your bishop.

Some grave national scandal, maybe? , you are enraged because a Noncon- rmist minister has been invited to each in Peterborough Cathedral.

And thus you give the mockers of ristianity another chance to sneer.

JOHN BULL.

**. A. NOCK,**
*airman, Kingston Bench*

YOUR WORSHIP,—You astound me. ter all the outraged protests of our agistrates against the unconventional dress of witnesses, all their pompous talk about "disrespect to the court," you have actually sat on the Bench wearing an open-necked shirt!

I don't doubt your common-sense, but where's your sense of humanity? Do you want some of your fellow-justices to die of heart failure?

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. CHARLES McKINLEY,**
*Liverpool*

DEAR CHARLES,—More than a hundred feet up the ventilating shaft of the new Mersey Tunnel, you fought on a plank to save a workmate blown from his foothold by a gust of wind.

Unfortunately, you failed, but not before you had nearly lost your own life in the effort and provided another example of the courage shown by those who work out of the light of day.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. M. P. PUGH,**
*Birmingham Solicitor*

DEAR SIR,—Having prosecuted a man for loitering, you obtained permission to conduct his defence on finding that he was not legally represented.

That showed you were less anxious to win your case than to ensure justice being done.

You proved that the man was not acting in a criminal manner, but suffering from loss of memory, though I imagine he is not likely to forget your generous gesture.

JOHN BULL.

**JOSEPH ASHWORTH,**
*Bury, Lancs*

ASHWORTH,—Any theft is bad enough, but you stole plant on which the livelihood of many breadwinners depended and so threw them out of work. Despite its high value, you sold it for a mere 50s.

Your mother asked the Bench to "show how lenient they could be." I am glad their leniency took the form of sending you to hard labour for four months.

JOHN BULL.

**Dr. J. B. ORR,**
*Aberdeen*

DEAR DOCTOR,—You think that since science doesn't know how far public health can be improved by food, we ought to feed 10,000 families experimentally for ten years.

But we do know that schoolchildren can be improved by square meals. Let us make a start with them!

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. A. G. ATKINSON,**
*Ashby-de-la-Zouch Council*

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—But for you, the stream which has been running over a main road for six weeks might, like Tennyson's brook, have gone on for ever.

It has caused several motor-cyclists to come to grief, yet the surveyor's department and the highways committee ignored your reports, and only now is its cause to be investigated.

What are your departments suffering from—sleeping-sickness?

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. CHARLES F. DART,**
*Mayor of Barnstaple*

DEAR SIR,—"There's a tremendous school of thought in favour of doing away with flag-days altogether. They have lost their novelty," you say.

Yes, but the necessities they relieve have lost their novelty, too, but they still continue.

I'm not in favour of unlimited flag-days, but I shall ignore that "school of thought." What the thousands who buy the flags think is of much more importance.

JOHN BULL.

**EDWARD KIRK,**
*Nottingham*

KIRK,—A man took pity on you and lodged you in his house; you repaid his splendid charity by stealing his money. For this mean theft you have been sentenced to one month's imprisonment, which seems little enough.

Perhaps your conscience will trouble you, in which case something like justice will have been done.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. HERBERT MORRISON,**
*London County Council*

DEAR HERBERT,—You have already shown yourself a man of action, and your plea to politicians never to promise the electorate more than they can reasonably hope to fulfil shows you as a man of high principles as well.

Anyway, broken pledges always prove costly.

JOHN BULL.

**Rev. E. ECCLESTON POTTS,**
*Sheffield*

DEAR SIR,—With your arm fractured in two places and unset, and obviously in considerable pain, you preached twice on a Sunday and conducted a funeral service on the following day. After that, you had your arm X-rayed for a definite diagnosis.

Fortitude in all things is a Christian tenet, and I admire you for practising what you preach.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. R. J. HUBBARD,**
*Chief Electrician, S.S. "Mauretania"*

DEAR MR. HUBBARD,—I'm delighted to hear that you are not yet retiring from the *Mauretania*, in which you have served so long and ably.

You have at least another ten years of service, you tell me—and I hope they will be happy and successful ones.

JOHN BULL.

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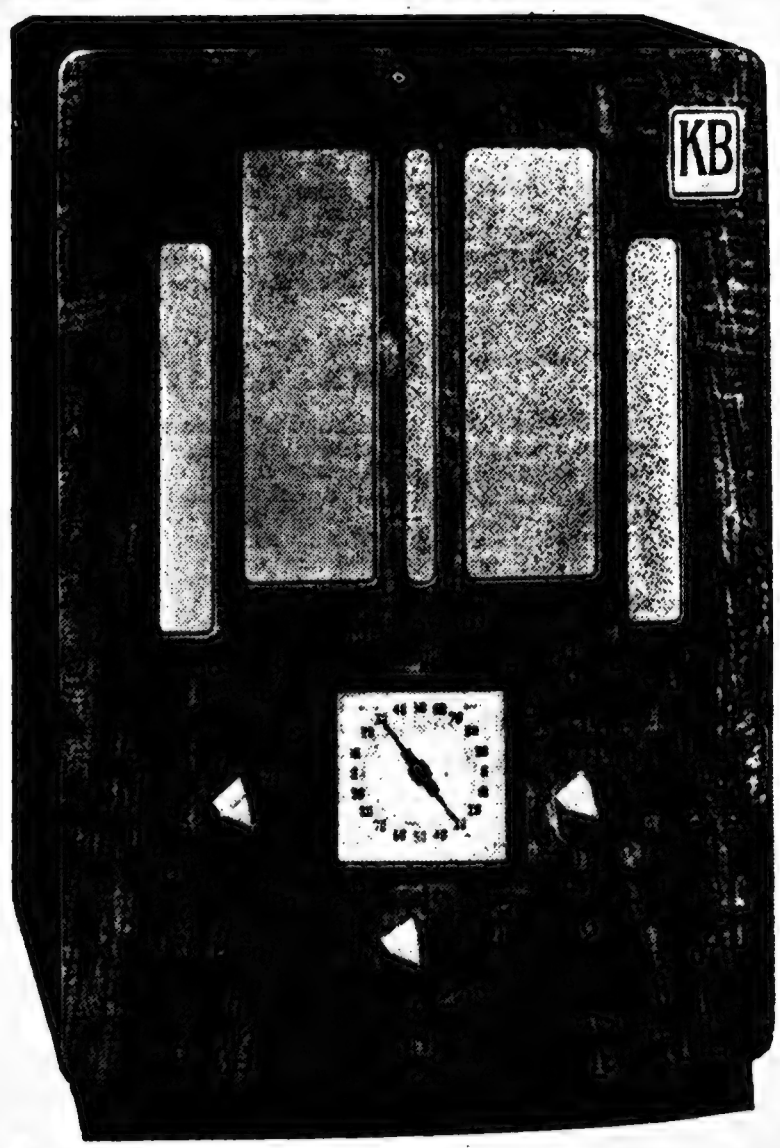


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# The BIBLE we Want

*"Reading the Bible," by Luke Fildes.—"There was hardly a home . . . where the Bible was not the most constantly thumbed book"—then*

by
## A. G. Gardiner

DEAN INGE has gone from St. Paul's. He has gone in a storm of controversy, aroused by his parting message to the Church and the world.

That fact is not surprising. Dr. Inge has been the storm-centre of the Church for a generation. His mind is acute, critical, and destructive, and his manner challenging and uncompromising. He is scornful of superstition and receptive of the facts of science, no matter how they may clash with legend and tradition. In almost any other age than this he would have been persecuted as a heretic, driven from his office, put in the pillory or burned at the stake.

The fact that, instead of any of these things happening to him, he has filled the most conspicuous pulpit in the Anglican Church for a quarter of a century and now retires into private life on his own initiative, is evidence of the revolutionary change that has come over the thought of the time.

What is the character of that change? It is, I think, the growth of a vast indifferentism on the part of the mass of the people towards the things of the spirit. There is a widening breach between the Church and the world.

This is not due to the activities of men like Dean Inge. It is due to the devastating effect of modern science upon the assumptions of the Church, coupled with the multitudinous appeals which the world makes to-day to the life of pleasure and the senses. The drift to materialism is overwhelming. We are ceasing to be a spiritually minded people and are becoming frank pagans.

### A closed Book

In his speech to the Modern Churchmen Dean Inge faced this fact with his customary candour and sought to reconcile the modern world with the great Book that the modern world has so largely rejected or ignored.

"In my young days," he said, "one found a copy of the Bible not only in every guestroom in private houses, but in many hotel bedrooms. A chapter was read by most religious people, either in private or family prayers."

This, he says, has ceased to be the case. Even theological students whom he has examined he has found badly grounded in the Bible, and to the rising generation it is becoming a closed book.

It is true, no doubt, as the Bible Society states, that the Bible is still the world's best seller; but the experience of most of us will confirm Dean Inge's view that it is no longer read as it was read even a generation ago.

Ruskin tells us that, as a child, he heard the Bible read to him by his mother from cover to cover. When she had finished the Book of Revelation she turned back and began again at the Book of Genesis. Out of that stern ordeal was born the spiritual fire that blazed in him throughout his life, and the splendour of language and imagery that gives him a place among the prophets of all time.

And his experience was common, in some degree, to millions. Lincoln, in the backwoods of America, was as familiar with the Bible as the boy Ruskin in Bloomsbury, and it was that familiarity that inspired the organ music of such sublime speeches as the Second Inaugural. And so with John Bright. Take away the breath of the Bible from his oratory and you take away all the quality that gave it wings and held the House of Commons spellbound.

### Fading

The morning and evening reading of the Scriptures was the common practice in most well-to-do houses, and in working-class society there was hardly a home in which the Bible was not merely found, but in which it was not by far the most constantly thumbed book. Even if the parents were indifferent to it themselves they were careful that their children should be nurtured in it.

It was this universal culture of the Bible that gave a spiritual content to the general life. And Thomas Hardy, even in his agnostic days, looked back to his childhood with a certain pathos and regret when he wrote:

*"How sweet it was in times far-hied,*
*To start the wheels of day with trustful prayer;*
*To lie down liegely at the eventide,*
*And have the blest assurance He was there."*

This intimacy with the Bible is fading, —has, indeed, faded—out of our life. "It is a great pity," says Dean Inge, "for an intelligent and a devout use of the Bible is a valuable part of education, and no other book can take its place." If that intimacy is to be restored, the causes which have led to its decline must be removed.

The chief of those causes, in the view of Modernists like Dean Inge, the Bishop of Birmingham, and the Dean of St. John's College, Cambridge, is that the claims of the Bible to complete verbal inspiration have been put too high. This is especially the case in regard to the Old Testament.

There is infinite wisdom and infinite beauty in that vast literature, but there is also much that is repugnant to the spirit of these times and to common humanity. "There is," says Dean Inge, "an Oriental ferocity about many of the Psalms which makes them quite unfit for use in public worship."

Indeed, the Jews themselves have ceased to recite these ferocities in their synagogues. Many of the legends, like that of Jonah, have no historical value. Much of the history is worthless, and the conception of Jehovah as a tribal god of vengeance and passion is unthinkable to the rational mind.

The Old Testament, in fact, is an anthology of Jewish legends, poetry and history, written over a period of a thousand years, assembled by the Jews as their own sacred records; but having no more claim to infallibility than the literature of ancient Greece or ancient Rome. The insistence on that claim has been the fruitful cause of much infidelity, and when modern science and modern scholarship made the claim no longer tenable there was a lamentable but intelligible disposition in the popular mind to dismiss the Bible as a creed outworn.

This is lamentable, because it means much more than the loss of a great literature. It means the eclipse of that spiritual vision which has been the inspiration of humanity for two thousand years.

If the Bible is not verbally inspired, it is still divine in its essence. It is still the great power-house of the spiritual life.

There is no other book that can take its place. There is no other lamp that can shed such a radiance over the dark mysteries of existence or give life such a sense of eternal values. Without the appeal it makes and the stimulus it gives to the soul of man we sink to a lower plane—the plane of sheer materialism and the satisfaction of the appetites. And in that spiritual Sahara there is no peace for the spirit of man.

Even the scientists have come to realise this. "Nothing," said Sir George Adam Smith in his sermon before the British Association at Aberdeen last week—"nothing has been more striking in recent years than the growing dissatisfaction of physicists and mathematicians with merely material conceptions of the world and man."

We must have a spiritual outlook to give life that depth and significance without which it ceases to be worth living. And for that reason the inspiration of the Bible is as vital a need of man as it ever was.

### Common-sense view

To recover that inspiration is the task of all who believe that the things of the spirit are more than the things of the flesh. But it must be a Bible which does not claim infallibility for every legend it contains, which does not ask us to accept the story that Joshua caused the sun to stand still in the same unquestioning spirit that we accept the gospel of the Founder of the faith.

That is the view of the Bible which Dean Inge and the Modernists offer us. It is a view which is resisted by the Fundamentalists, who insist on the verbal inspiration of every letter of the Book.

In this great argument, time and common-sense and the spiritual needs of men are, I believe, on the side of the reformers.

It is reverence for the spirit and not a blind fetish worship of the letter which will restore the Bible to its true place in the hearts of men.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

# Top Hats *and* All That

ONCE doctors visiting the sick
Were careful to look span and spick;
We thought it right and proper
That anyone who sought with pills
And potions to allay our ills
Should wear a shiny topper!

The men who deal in shares and stocks
Would once have given clients shocks
If not correctly hatted;
And in that more enlightened day
Top hats with cricketers held sway,
In them they bowled and batted!

But few to frock coats now aspire,
For elegance of male attire
Has been severely sat on;
And ev'ryone can shout with glee
To everybody else "I see
You've got your old brown hat on!"

In England the Brown Hats, in their (happily different) way, are as powerful as the Brown Shirts in Germany, for they have the moral support of the green, grey and blue hats.

But despite its widespread popularity, the type of hat that is equally adapted for being worn or sat on is regarded with stern disfavour by tailors no less than by hatters.

Clothes may not make the man, but they can make or mar the tailor, and the National Federation of Merchant Tailors is sorely perturbed about what they regard as our slovenly sartorial habits.

At the annual banquet of the Federation many of the guests diluted their champagne with bitter tears as they brooded on the "laxity in dress" now prevalent among the professional classes, and, looking round for somebody or something to blame, Sir Francis Joseph seized upon the motor car, which, since Mr. Horn Belisha stepped into the limelight, has become everybody's scapegoat.

Doctors, the Merchant Tailors complain, set a bad example in dress. Once upon a time it was worth while having mumps or measles for the pleasure of receiving a visit from a doctor looking more like a peer of the realm than anyone found loitering in the pages of Debrett.

But the small car, Sir Francis explained, has made it impossible for the doctor to wear a tall hat, and with the passing of the tall hat the doctor has discarded his frock coat, thereby becoming, in the eyes of Die-Hard Merchant Tailors, practically a nudist.

Yet the medical profession, despite its deplorable sartorial habits, is, it appears, a collection of Beau Brummels compared with the Army.

"Are we to stand idly by and see our soldiers dressed like cheap hikers?" demanded Mr. R. H. Stone, the retiring president of the Federation. But instead of calling upon the assembled Merchant Tailors to storm the War Office, he was content to urge them to use every means in their power to make the public "clothes conscious."

Ye citizens of England,
Look forthwith to your dress!
For England's Merchant Tailors
A new "clothes consciousness"
Demand. That floppy jacket
In which you now disport
Must be exchanged for formal gear
Unless you are prepared to hear
The Merchant Tailors snort!

The wearing of soft collars
And softer shirts must cease,
Mere "bags" must go and trousers
Reveal a seemly crease;
For lo! a dress revival
Is now upon the way!
Tailor, convert us if you can,
But if you try, O little man,
You'll have a busy day!

JOHN BULL.

NOBODY TAKES MILK AND POACHED EGGS TO THE CINEMA

-BUT MILLIONS TAKE THIS AND GET THE SAME NOURISHMENT!

YOU'RE safer with a quarter-pound block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate. *And you get the same nourishment.* Laboratory analyses show that a ¼lb. of Cadburys 'Milk' provides as much nourishment as a glass of milk and two poached eggs on one large slice of buttered toast. Weight for weight, there is no food which provides more complete nourishment.

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**MILK CHOCOLATE**

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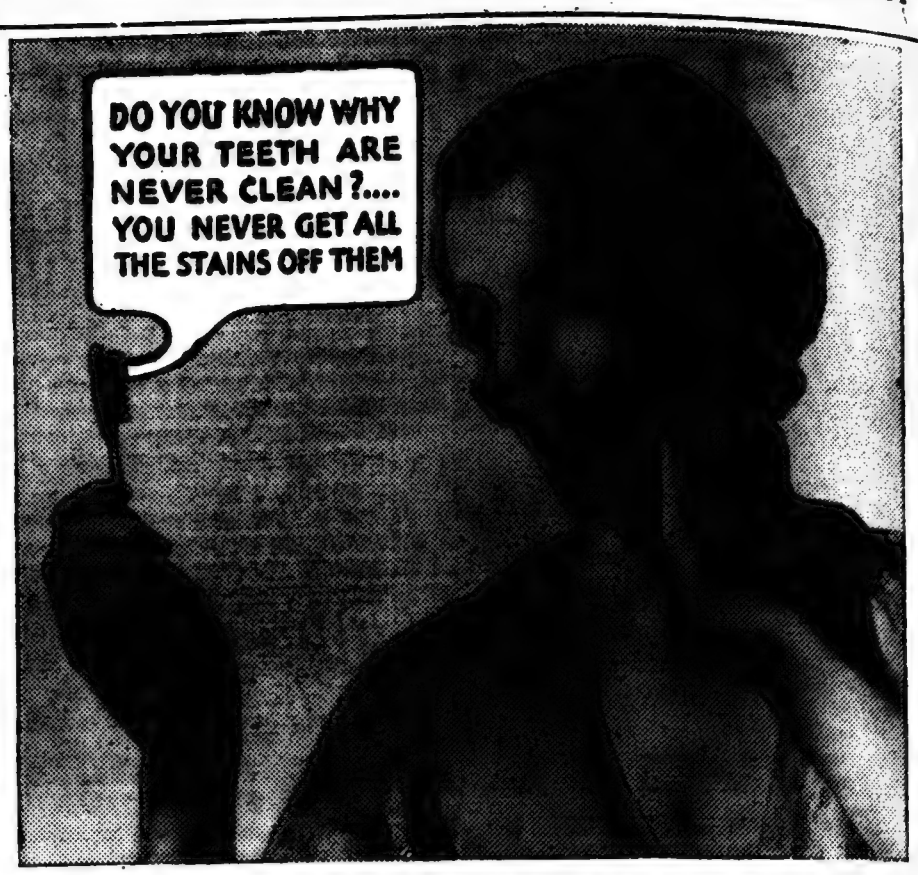


**Girl:** You are very rude, Toothbrush. I can't help it if my teeth are naturally dull and grey.

**Toothbrush:** That's just the trouble—they're not really. They're only stained.

**Girl:** Impossible. I brush them twice a day.

**Toothbrush:** Of course you do, but with a dentifrice that does only *half* the job.

**Girl:** What do you mean by "only half the job?"

**Toothbrush:** Listen. Your dentifrice has *one* cleansing action only, and all stains won't yield to any one action. *It takes two!* So your teeth get duller and duller. It's gradual discolouration.

**Girl:** What can I do about it?

**Toothbrush:** Simple. Just get Colgate's.

**Girl:** Has Colgate's two cleansing actions?

**Toothbrush:** Certainly. An *emulsive* action that dissolves some stains and washes them away—and a fine *polishing* action that gets rid of the rest of them.

**Girl:** Will I notice any difference if I use Colgate's regularly?

**Toothbrush:** Honestly, I think you'll discover a lustre and beauty you never knew your teeth had.

**Girl:** That settles it. I'll buy a tube of Colgate's to-day.

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Mrs. F., of Kingston, says:—"The Magic Pile Cure has worked wonders with me. After suffering for six months I am now quite cured."

*Sufferers from Piles and kindred ailments should write to-day for the Free Trial.*

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Cut out this coupon, pin to a sheet of notepaper. Write your name and address and send to Bush Radio, Woodger Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.12, and we will send you the name of your nearest dealer and full details of Bush Mains and Battery Super-Hets from £10.19.6. J.B. 2.

# A BOLD, BAD BEAUTY

THE time has come when the authorities should turn their serious attention to the activities of a charming woman who, changing her name at will, has played a prominent part in a despicable conspiracy to part workless people from their money.

This bold bad beauty calls herself Mrs. A. S. De B. Panter, and she has operated from numerous addresses, which include Selhurst Road, Norwood Junction, London; The Kirkdale, Sydenham; Addiscombe Road, Croydon, Surrey; and Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London

Quite a number of people have latterly been complaining of the unfortunate dealings they have had with her, and many are bemoaning the fact that, as the result of engaging stories which have turned out to be completely false, she has, with the aid of associates, obtained from them their life savings.

Mrs A S. De B. Panter poses as a keen business woman with numerous commercial interests and is supposed to have a controlling interest in several profitable companies.

## She promises

By promising men and women, who fall into her clutches through well-worded advertisements, rich profits on their money, Mrs. A S. De B. Panter has induced several clients to invest money with her.

Although she has latterly operated, or pretended to operate, entirely on her own initiative, we have discovered that she is surrounded by a number of very shady individuals, one in particular being a man who has a disreputable record, dating back for years, which places him quite beyond the pale in reputable commercial circles.

At the present time, as the result of her recent change in fortune, Mrs. A. S. De B. Panter is living in comparative luxury.

Yet, not long ago, she was in very bad straits, and creditors found it difficult, if not impossible, to obtain settlement of their accounts.

Whilst dealing with her sudden rise to wealth, it is interesting to look into the experience of a woman who, anxious to procure a post as a housekeeper, a few months ago applied for one to an employment agency in North London.

Shortly afterwards she received a letter from Mrs. A. S. De B. Panter, written on notepaper headed with the Selhurst Road address. Mrs. Panter stated that she had just taken a maisonette, with an office included, where she proposed to carry on a "private agency."

## Engaging lady

Mrs. Panter made a great deal of the fact that a gentleman called Vize—who had interviewed the woman at the employment agency—seemed quite impressed with her abilities, and added that "from what Mr. Vize tells me, I have reason to believe that we can help each other considerably in the work on which I am engaged . . ."

The applicant was a middle-aged woman who found it necessary to seek employment to supplement her slender capital, and she was naturally pleased to read the further observations that Mrs. Panter needed a middle-aged person "to look after the maisonette and make me generally comfortable, as all my time is occupied in business either in the office below or outside."

"As Mr. Vize has vouched for you," the letter added, "it is not necessary for me to ask you for references."

The middle-aged woman accepted the post, but before doing so she had to pay Mr. Vize all she could conveniently raise —£40—as an introduction fee. And the receipt she got from Vize was signed by him "for and on behalf of Mrs. A. S. De B. Panter."

A shock awaited the woman when she arrived to take up her duties at Selhurst Road. She found Mrs. Panter living in dire poverty. There was practically no furniture on the premises, no coal, no food, and not even a broom or a brush to enable her to keep the place clean!

The first three or four days after her arrival she was kept busy answering

*Chief-Inspector Donaldson, who arrested the mysterious "Mr. Harry Wright"*

callers who were anxious to have their much-overdue accounts settled!

Suddenly everything changed. A firm of business and estate agents (which by this time should be well aware of the inadvisability of introducing investors to people of this type) had, it later transpired, agreed about this time to find "Area Managers" and "Organisers" for some of Mrs. A. S. De B. Panter's business ventures. For investments of £250 they were to be given remunerative positions, with good salaries and bonuses.

Investor after investor came along and, enchanted by the stories this engaging lady, and other members of her little circle, told them, handed over their money.

## Misrepresentation

The housekeeper, who had naturally begun to wonder why she had parted with £40 for a post in which she could not even get sufficient food to eat, and even then only when it could be obtained on credit from local tradespeople, now saw a great change.

Mrs. Panter, after the investments started to come along, appeared in fine, new clothes; fresh furniture, choice silver and plate were purchased, and money became quite plentiful.

The housekeeper was only in Mrs. Panter's employ for a month or two; but she was soon to discover that as time went on the investors one by one complained that they had been deceived, and had parted with their money through misrepresentation

Later the housekeeper herself demanded her money back.

She was clearly entitled to it under the agreement she had been given by Mr. Vize. But it was not forthcoming, and has not been to this day, although many demands have been made for it.

Now, enquiries reveal that at the time of this woman's unhappy experience, Mr Vize was running a swindling concern called the Dudley Manufacturing Co., about which we are glad to say that we warned our readers at its inception.

The company was formed to exploit a scheme for operating a chain of automatic cabinets for the sale of cigarettes and foodstuffs throughout the country.

We regret to say that the company has done no real business at all, but has duped numerous people who, through the untrue statements made to them, have parted with large sums of money, in return for which they have received nothing.

A typical case is that of a man living in Henlow, Bedfordshire, who, believing that his future was secured, handed over £200.

## Money never returned

He found nothing to do once his money was handed over, and has tried—just as many other investors have done —in vain to get his money back.

Thus the story proceeds. It grows much more interesting, too, when we reveal that, whilst the housekeeper was working for Mrs. Panter, she found that a constant caller at the premises was a voluble and bombastic individual who passed in the names of Dunstan, Dunsford and Richards.

This person, we have discovered, is no other than the notorious Henry Dunsford, who has been a source of continuous trouble to the police for nearly twenty years.

He has run company after company, charity after charity, for the purpose of enriching himself. His file of complaints at Scotland Yard is one of the largest in the criminal archives there, and he has swindled scores of men through the medium of his myriad schemes.

During the course of his long career of chicanery and fraud this rogue has caused the Commissioner of Police to detail detective after detective to investigate the endless complaints against him, and, up till 1931, he was so clever in "sailing near the wind" that all their efforts to bring him to book completely failed

## Presented at court

Although several of his underlings fell by the wayside, Dunsford managed somehow to dodge the criminal dock, in which his presence was so sorely needed.

Then, engaged in a new fraud with a woman who passed in the name of Mrs Richards, he fell.

The bulky police dossier, which had grown steadily bigger throughout the years, had not been compiled in vain.

Dunsford, in the alias of Harry Wright, and Mrs Richards were arrested by Chief-Inspector Donaldson on charges of conspiracy to defraud people who were induced to invest money in a swindling company called Women's Social Services

Nearly £4,000 was traced to this rogue in that venture

Mrs. Richards, after several appearances in the dock, was acquitted, but Dunsford was sentenced to a well-deserved term of hard labour.

This then, is the man who has been assisting Mrs. A. S. De B. Panter in her recent operations.

# *Unsettled* SETTLERS

WHEN will the Right Hon. J. H. Thomas, His Majesty's Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs, have the courage to take action to remedy a scandal, the grievous nature of which he has already admitted?

That question is prompted by the latest facts brought to our notice concerning the British ex-Service men and their families who have been ruined by their participation in the post-war emigration scheme of the State of Victoria, Australia.

* * *

On many occasions we have called attention, in the past, to the plight of these unfortunate people, who trusted in the promises of Governments, and found to their cost that those explicit undertakings were repudiated.

Ninety families of settlers, who engaged in the disastrous experiment of the Victorian Land Settlement scheme, are now back in this country, and in the hope of long overdue redress and compensation, have formed themselves into an organisation, which they have called the Victorian (Australian) Ex-Service Settlers Association.

This Association has recently approached Mr. J. H. Thomas with a request to which he should give immediate consideration. What the settlers ask is that the British Government should appoint a judicial committee to which the case of each individual sufferer and family could be brought with the object of assessing adequate compensation for the losses sustained.

* * *

Many of the returned settlers are in really desperate circumstances. Their chances of livelihood have been filched from them by official blundering and callousness. The future is completely black. They have been deceived and deluded through the years until now they are making a last effort to secure a small measure of justice.

All they seek to do is to place plain evidence before a properly constituted tribunal, which shall have the power to assess damages. Further, they ask that any awards made by the tribunal shall be provided from the British Treasury.

It is a fair and right proposal. A tribunal of this kind must be appointed, and the move towards its appointment must be made by Mr. J. H. Thomas.

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WRITE for FREE Catalogue of 300 BARGAINS in Soft Goods, Household Linen, Men's and Ladies' Wear.—CURTIS, GREY AND CO., LTD., Armour House, E.C.1.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES 30/-. 75 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Matras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

UNUSUAL GIFT OFFER to *John Bull* readers. Which would you like, a free Camera, a miniature Accordion, or a Watch and Chain? Anyone can obtain a gift by replying to the advts. of Aircraft Products, Ltd., on pages 2 and 3.

22 BILLIARD TABLES to be given away! Why not enter your name?—Write for details mentioned in advt. of E. J. Riley, Ltd., on page 2.

GARDEN SHEDS for 2s. 6d. down. Delivered carr. paid to your door. Easily erected by anyone. For details see advt. of Messrs. J. Thorn & Sons, Ltd., foot of page 3.

COVER that room with Artoleum. Nothing Cheaper, nothing Better. No nailing; rotproof, damp-proof. A big roll for 15/- is offered in advt. on page 3. All purchasers receive free gift of useful doormat.

EVERY reader of *John Bull* is invited to write to F. Hodgson & Sons (Dept. J.B.), Woodsley Road, Leeds, for a copy of their new illustrated Bargain Sale Catalogue of Carpets, Rugs, Blankets, Bedding, etc., offered at low warehouse prices. This offer appears in advt. on p. 18.

FREE Bargain Catalogue: Solve your furnishing problems by filling in the coupon in the Jay's Furnishing Stores advt. on p. 25. Simply post in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp and a free copy of this excellent catalogue, crammed full of bargains, will come by return. Address: Jay's Furnishing Stores, Ltd., Dept. J.B., 248, Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

WRITE to Aladdin Industries, Ltd., 108, Aladdin Bldgs., Greenford, Middlesex, for Cat. of Aladdin Lamps, as offered on p. 22.

EVERY Cyclist should secure the 24-p. PIFCO booklet. It's free. See p. 28. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

## WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO - ACCORDIONS from £2 2s. 6d. monthly. BANJOS, GUITARS, DRUMS, etc., 44-p. cat. free.—OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B., 6, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS.—Amazing Offer of 6 full-size records (absolutely new) for 2/-. Each 2 tunes with free performance rights for hotels, restaurants, etc. Turn to page 3 and read advt. of Flexolite Disposals Co.

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FREE! Send at once for special illustrated leaflet which fully describes the "His Master's Voice" All-Electric Superhet. Get full particulars of the easy terms by filling in the coupon on p. 27.

10/- a month will purchase one of the famous K.B. Radio Sets. The coupon on p. 12 will bring the new K.B. Catalogue and full particulars of these very reasonably priced Sets.

## MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

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INEXPENSIVE Rupture Appliances. Why pay fancy prices? If interested see advt. of London Surgical Co. on page 2.

FREE.—Pennings' "Everybody's Doctor." Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Pennings, Cowes, I.W. Th's offer appears on p. 14.

A FREE SUPPLY of "Magic" Brand 3-fold Treatment for Piles is offered in advt. on p. 14.

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A FREE book to pile sufferers is offered in the PENNANT advt. on p. 31.

CATARRH SUFFERERS are offered a free package of Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes on p. 32.

FREE.—Send a p.c. for liberal trial bottle of D.D.D brand Prescription for Skin Troubles. Th's soothing liquid quickly clears the skin of blemishes and eruptions. See advt. on p. 38.

SAMPLES of "Zee-Kol" Ointment, Pills and Medicated Soap will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) on the Back Cover.

## WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

CASH Waiting for any kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Diamonds, Dental Plates, etc. Highest cash per return. Est. 25 yrs. Bells, Headrow, Leeds.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

FILL in the coupon in the PEARL ASSURANCE CO.'S advt. on p. 18 and get free particulars of how to provide for your future comfort and independence and protection for your dependents in the event of your death.

SPECIAL free offer. Fill in the coupon on p. 27, or write to Dept. 891, Pond's Extract Co., Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex, for free samples of all shades of Pond's new powder. Attach 1d. stamp towards postage.

PURE BEER easily made at home. Turn to the "Viggormalt" advt. on p. 38. A trial size is offered. Free yeast is supplied with each tin.

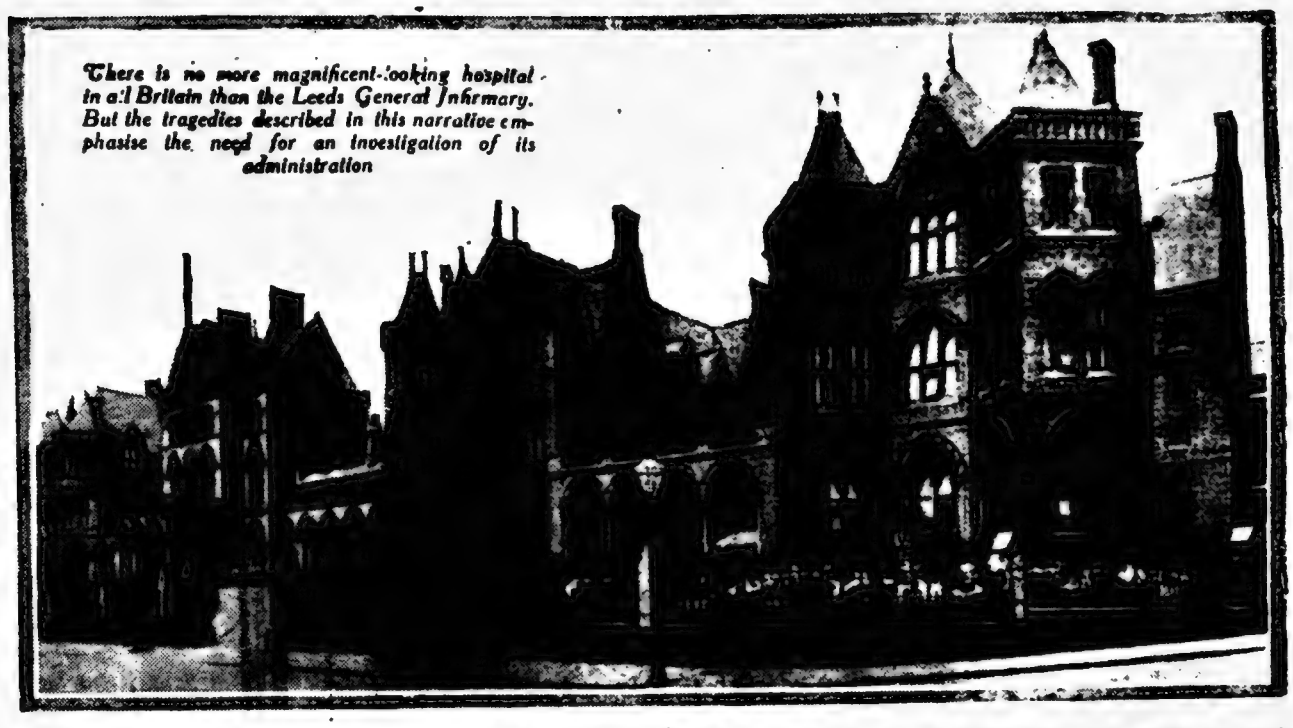
SEND for free sample tube of "Shavex," the modern method of shaving. Attach coupon in the advt. on the Back Cover to your name and address, with 2d. stamp for postage.

A SAMPLE of "Doge" Face Cream will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) appearing on the Back Cover.

The famous FAIRY SOAP Baby wants a name. Find it and you may win £1,000. Turn to p. 23 for entry form and full particulars.

FREE.—Send p.c. for copy of the "ATORA" Book.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Hugon & Co., Ltd., Openshaw, Manchester. See Front Cover.

# Patients SENT HOME to DIE —Grave Charges against a Hospital



*There is no more magnificent-looking hospital in all Britain than the Leeds General Infirmary. But the tragedies described in this narrative emphasise the need for an investigation of its administration*

O class of complaint against public institutions needs to be more carefully examined and sifted than that which charges great hospitals with improper treatment of their

ts.

the majority of cases it is found inquiry that allegations of the kind been made usually because of mis-ption, lack of knowledge of essen-acts or, too often, a misplaced be-n hearsay evidence. The record of ospitals' service of this country is, ily, the cleanest of all administra-

that very reason, however, it is that when errors are committed n cause needless suffering, distress tragedy, the whole truth should be known to the public.

this occasion, unfortunately, the tment has to be made against one ne largest hospitals in Britain—the s General Infirmary.

patient of that or any other hospi-an have been allowed to die in cir-stances so sad and deplorable as Osborne Webster, of 107, Sterling et, Bradford. Webster, who was only ty-two, was a bricklayer but, having siderable local reputation as a list, he devoted much of his time to cert engagements.

n Sunday night, after a performance Wakefield, he set out to cycle to his ne in Bradford, and was found lying onscious by the roadside outside ds.

## Queer events

efore the worst part of the story of bster's death is told, it has to be ntioned that two strange aspects of accident which befell him have, for ne reason, been inconspicuously dealt h in the official enquiry into the air.

The first is that it appears that when ebster was found he was already ndaged. There has seemingly been effort by the authorities to ascertain o applied the bandages and then nished.

The other is that he was most likely n into from behind by a motor car. the inquest, however, it was more or s taken for granted that he had llen and was hurt by his bicycle strik-g the grass verge on the roadside.

It is peculiar that when Webster's dow asked to have the bicycle shown her she was informed that she would t be allowed to examine it until after e inquest had been completed.

When it was produced to her then, condition confirmed the theory that ebster had been struck down by a otor car. The saddle was twisted and e mud-guard damaged.

Moreover, the man's injuries comprised two fractures of the skull, a fractured jaw-bone, bruised shoulders and buttocks, several broken ribs, and spinal, abdominal and brain injuries.

It passes understanding how it came to be so lightly accepted that a person could be in this terrible condition merely as the result of a simple fall from a bicyle caused by collision with a grassy bank.

## "Remove him!"

But these mysteries are far surpassed by the pathetic and almost incredible events which followed the accident and ended in Webster's death.

He was taken to Leeds General Infirmary and lay there mostly in a semi-conscious state for some days.

On the fourth day after his admission to the institution, his wife was surprised during one of her visits to his bedside to be told by a nurse, "You will have your husband home to-morrow. We are short of beds."

It seemed fantastic that a man with a double fracture of the skull, apart from his many other severe injuries, should be so quickly removed from a hospital ward, and Mrs. Webster could scarcely accept the nurse's statement as authoritative.

Next morning, however, startling confirmation of it came to her in the form of a postcard bearing instructions that she should there and then bring an ambulance to Leeds and remove her husband.

## Explanation

The postcard was not signed by any doctor or official of the hospital but by a nurse—who happened to be on holiday when the inquest was held and was not called as a witness.

Mrs. Webster could only comply with the order. Her anxiety was increased when she saw that her husband had to be carried on a stretcher to the ambulance which she had brought.

When Webster was taken to his home in Bradford he was practically unconscious and obviously suffering great pain. His own doctor ordered him to be transferred at once to a Bradford hospital, where it was found necessary to operate without delay for the removal of a splinter of bone from the brain. The man was then, however, so far gone that his chance of survival was very small and he died after the operation.

Webster's wife and relatives were amazed by the explanation given on behalf of the Leeds hospital for the decision to discharge, after four days' treatment, a man so gravely injured and still so incapacitated that he had to be carried out on a stretcher.

It was that Webster himself had *asked* to be sent home, and that the hospital doctors, considering that an operation was unnecessary, agreed with his suggestion that the best and proper treatment was that he should enjoy rest and absolute quiet at home under the care of his own doctor.

If Mr. Webster expressed a wish to be sent home—a wish which, in the circumstances, should certainly not have been granted—why did the hospital authorities not protect themselves by obtaining his signature to a statement to that effect? It would have been an elementary precaution, but nothing of the kind was done.

What astonished Mr. Webster's family was that they had never before heard of the suggestion that he had asked to be removed from the hospital. It had been said by the nurse that there was a shortage of beds, and this was the explanation given also by Webster during his conscious moments after he was sent home.

## Ridiculous

The coroner made the remarkable statement at the inquest that the limited space in hospitals was wanted for more serious cases.

It would be interesting to learn what he regards as a really serious case if he could not classify Webster as one.

Only one comment can be passed upon the inquest verdict that no blame rests with the Leeds General Infirmary for Webster's death.

It is that it is absurd.

But Webster's case is not an exceptional one so far as this great hospital is concerned.

Equally astounding is that of Mr. Robert Reed, a sixty-years' old draper, of Headingley, Leeds, who was admitted to the General Infirmary for one of the simplest minor operations in surgery. The operation was performed on the day after his admission.

Reed's wife and relatives were caused great pain when they visited him in hospital and heard him describe the manner in which he was being treated. He said, for instance, that when he felt sick and asked for a vessel the nurse refused to provide it and told him to "swallow it back."

When members of his family saw him again a week after admission, he said that he had fainted three times, and that a nurse had warned him that if he "behaved childishly" he would be sent home.

The threat was quickly carried out. Next day a policeman called at Mr. Reed's home and ordered his wife to proceed at once to the hospital and remove her husband.

She went to the institution with her son, a secretary, and, after observing her husband's condition, expressed herself as appalled that instructions for his discharge should have been given.

Mrs. Reed and her son both declare that there were no bandages on the patient's wound and that the bedclothing was saturated with his blood.

This was completely denied by members of the hospital staff at the subsequent enquiry.

## Doctor refuses

There is, however, no doubt whatever about one fact. It is that Mrs. Reed and her son protested to the nurse in charge that Mr. Reed was quite unfit to be moved and that they demanded that the nurse should summon a doctor to have him examined before any attempt was made to take him from bed.

The nurse went to the doctor, but the doctor refused to enter the ward to examine him.

Mr. Reed's condition was so feeble that he was totally unable to put on any article of clothing, and had to be dressed like a helpless child. With the support of his wife and son he was then removed from the hospital.

As soon as he reached home Mr. Reed was attended by a district nurse, who declared she was horrified by the appearance of his wound and gave instructions for the family doctor to be summoned at once.

The doctor found that already Mr. Reed was dying.

In twenty-four hours after his discharge from hospital Mr. Reed was dead from toxæmia following gangrene!

The Leeds General Infirmary is called upon to deal with more than 60,000 cases every year, or nearly 200 daily. It would be well for the peace of mind of future patients and their families if a thorough investigation of the administration of this vast institution is promptly undertaken.


## "WELL DONE, OLD TIMER!"

*"We have used one of your* JOHN BULL *Pens for the past 10 years and it is still in use and a splendid Pen . . ."*

So writes Mrs. J. W. Prince, of 29, Hawkins Road, Coventry. Her letter is typical of thousands that are being received from owners of the famous JOHN BULL Fountain Pen. In almost every case these letters praise the long service of JOHN BULL Pens . . . pens that go on working until they become real old-timers, and then, in spite of their age, carry on with the job.

You too, can secure one of these pens, and at the same time save money by cashing JOHN BULL Pen Coupons. Turn to page 2 immediately.

# "Shave with ordinary soap? . . . Not me!"

"TIME was when I used household soap for shaving —when I *did* shave. But never again! If anyone tells you ordinary soap saves money don't you believe 'em. And a terrible time it gives your face; it's not made for the job. But Lever's Easy Shaving Stick *is*. And right well it does it too—lathers up fine, and gives a shave fit for a lord. Since the wife first bought me a Lever's Easy from her grocer's I've shaved *every* day. Lever's Easy costs only sixpence and it gives a full hundred shaves—and they *are* shaves. Leave your face feeling cool and fine. Try it—you'll see. Put Lever's Easy Shaving Stick on the shopping list to-day."

LEVER'S **EASY SHAVING STICK**

100 SHAVES FOR 6P

L 230-172-58 A *LEVER* PRODUCT



# YOU HAVE OFTEN TALKED

of your intention to assure, yet somehow you haven't thought it necessary to take any immediate steps . . . so the whole matter has been put aside. But delay may be fatal.

NOW is the time to make the future secure for yourself and your dependents. For example, you can obtain:

FOR YOURSELF
£1,000 plus bonuses at age 60;
FOR YOUR DEPENDENTS
£1,000 plus bonuses in the event of your death before age 60.

Income Tax Abatement may also be obtained.
Use this opportunity of making enquiries on the form below.

# PEARL ASSURANCE CO. LTD.

ENQUIRY FORM.
TO THE JOINT MANAGING DIRECTORS,
PEARL ASSURANCE CO., LTD.,
HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

Please supply particulars of how I can obtain £.....
at age..... My age next birthday will be.....
Name .....
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
Address.....
.....

28 J.B. 22-9-34.



## RECORD 'X.L.' BARGAIN BALE 20/-

MOST MARVELLOUS VALUE EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

Thousands of our bales have already been despatched to all parts of the world and letters received from delighted customers. Send to-day, absolutely no risk in any way, because we guarantee to return your money in full if you are not satisfied. Every article of the highest quality and perfect.

*Special to "John Bull" readers this week.* Read the guaranteed Contents:—

2 Heavy Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, full size, 90 in. x 80 in.
1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket, size 54in. x 75 in.
2 Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, soft, warm, and durable, 82 in. x 70 in.
1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, full size, 90 in. x 70 in. (White or Coloured).
1 White Damask Tablecloth, 52 x 52 in. with newest style coloured borders gold, blue and pink.
1 Beautiful Bedspread, Blue, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Jaspe grounds, new colourings. Centre design edged with Art Silk Embroidery, size 90 in. x 90 in.
2 Coloured Striped Turkish Towels, absorbent loop pile, 20 in. x 44 in.
1 Fancy Coloured Table Cover, size 36 in. x 36 in., new designs, Blue, Crimson, Gold, etc.
1 Elegant Embossed Electro Cake or Fruit Dish, size 11½ in.
1 Lady's Full-size Overall or Blouse.

BALE COMPLETE *Carriage Paid* 20/-

RUGS GIVEN AWAY

SPECIAL OFFER—2 Carpets and 2 Rugs 19/- Carriage paid.

This PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to readers of "John Bull." On receipt of a P.O. for 8s., Carr. 1s. extra, we will forward, direct from our Looms to your address, one of our "PRUDENTIAL" Real Seamless Woven BRUSSELETTE CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc. Handsomely bordered in new Turkey and artistic patterns (as illustration) and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues Browns, Rose, and mingled Colourings to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match. Every reader of "John Bull" is invited to send for our New Illustrated Bargain Sale Catalogue of Carpets, with Rugs to match (Axminster, Wilton, Brussels, Ideal and Brusselette) in all sizes; also Yorkshire and Witney Blankets, Down Quilts, Bed Sheets, Table Linens, Towels, Bedding, etc., at the lowest wholesale prices, free by return of post.

*BRITISH CARPETS for BRITISH HOMES! Direct from the Looms!*

F. HODGSON & SONS, Manufacturers and Merchants, (Dept. J.B.), WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.



## A FREE Furnishing Catalogue that You ought to possess.

ON page 25 Jay's Furnishing Stores offer readers of *John Bull* a Catalogue crammed full of bargains of their furnishings, together with full details of their special easy payment terms.

A free copy of this excellent Catalogue can be obtained by filling in the coupon and posting in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp. Address: Jay's Furnishing Stores, Ltd., Dept. *John Bull*, 248, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.



## *"John Bull" Guarantee*

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one months from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and on the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

*ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,*
Proprietors of "John Bull."

# FOOT QUACK *with* Cold Feet

## Weekly Informations *from Sir Wyndham Childs*

## Infamous "Specialist" On the Run

OF all the dangerous and dishonest persons who beset this modern life of ours I place the medical crook as among the worst.

They are quacks and charlatans, these men who batten on the ill-health of their fellows.

The letters that swell my post each day prove the widespread nature of this evil of quackery.

Lately I have received a series of complaints from the Midlands about a fellow who calls himself Derek Maxwell, the "famous foot specialist," of Leicester and Loughborough It is his pretence that he treats and cures all manner of foot troubles and rheumatism.

### *Clever—he says so*

There is no modesty whatever about Derek Maxwell, for, according to his advertisements, he is some kind of medical genius Here, for example, is one of his efforts, copied from a Midland evening newspaper:—

"Now there is no need for you to suffer. At the Leicester Foot Clinic, a wonderfully clever Foot Specialist is freeing hundreds of Leicester and District folk from their Foot Weaknesses and Troubles of all kinds. They call. In a few minutes they walk home again as if they had EXCHANGED THEIR OLD FEET FOR NEW FEET."

Arrant nonsense, of course, but unfortunately nonsense of a kind to provide Derek Maxwell with a substantial bank balance.

For months past his preposterous "consulting rooms" at a house in London Road, Leicester, have been thronged with clients; mostly poor people who could ill afford the heavy fees which the "specialist" extracted from them.

The pretentious nature of Derek Maxwell's bogus medical claims was obviously blatant, and I was receiving such touching letters from his victims that I sent a member of my investigation staff to Leicester to enquire into the activities of this "Foot Clinic."

The report brought back to me shows that Maxwell is simply a fee-snatching charlatan, with no kind of accepted qualifications for the work he follows.

His scale of charges is ridiculously high—twenty-five guineas for a course of what is described as "foot culture," which consists mainly of massage and the use of washes and ointment.

Maxwell is very solicitous about a new patient at the first interview, but after he has obtained payment of his fees, he turns the patient to the attention of one of the young women attendants employed by him. These girls are carefully dressed in nursing uniform to give some sort of hospital appearance to the place.

One point Maxwell is very keen to impress on patients—that all fees are payable in advance, and that treatments when contracted for cannot be cancelled. He makes a statement to that effect on his literature.

By making that condition—"all fees in advance"—Derek Maxwell displays his business wisdom, for he knows full well that, under the Medical Act of 1932, he, being an unregistered practitioner, could not sue for the payment of fees for any medical or surgical treatment.

The ointments and lotions used at the "Clinic" and handed out to patients can be obtained quite cheaply at any ordinary chemist's shop. Indeed, the whole business is just a camouflaged ramp, with Maxwell sitting at the receipt of custom, and his bogus "nurses" lending an atmosphere of realism to his clinic.

### *Cure that wasn't*

My indignation is aroused by some of the cases brought to my notice, in which working-class people have been grievously victimised by the "Famous Foot Specialist."

There is one in which an elderly woman—the sole support of a blind husband—went to Maxwell for advice and was induced to contract for treatment at a cost of £26.

She drew the whole of her savings from the bank to pay the man on his definite assurance that he would remedy her infirmities. She discovered too late that the treatment was of no benefit whatever, and indeed she was worse at the end than at the beginning.

Another instance of the harm this "quack" does with his unskilled practices is provided by a worker at a Leicester factory. This man suffers from a tubercular foot, and yet Maxwell accepted him for treatment after a superficial examination, and declared, "I will cure you."

Now that poor fellow is infinitely worse than when he first went to Maxwell. Indeed, the treatment has accentuated the disease; it was an entirely wrong and improper form of treatment.

I am glad to see that at long last some of his deluded patients are taking action against Maxwell.

One woman brought a claim against him in the Leicester County Court for the recovery of twenty-five guineas handed over in fees.

Her case, sworn to in the witness-box, was that Maxwell guaranteed to cure her rheumatism.

"If you take twenty-five treatments," the quack assured her, "and pay me twenty-five guineas, I will cure your rheumatism.

So she paid and she went to the clinic for treatment, and at the termination of her twenty-five visits was very much worse, and in considerable pain.

### *He vanished*

It was stated by a Leicester medical man that the treatment prescribed by Maxwell would have no effect whatever on rheumatism. There was an adjournment at that stage of the proceedings in order that—on behalf of Maxwell—there might be a special X-ray examination of the woman.

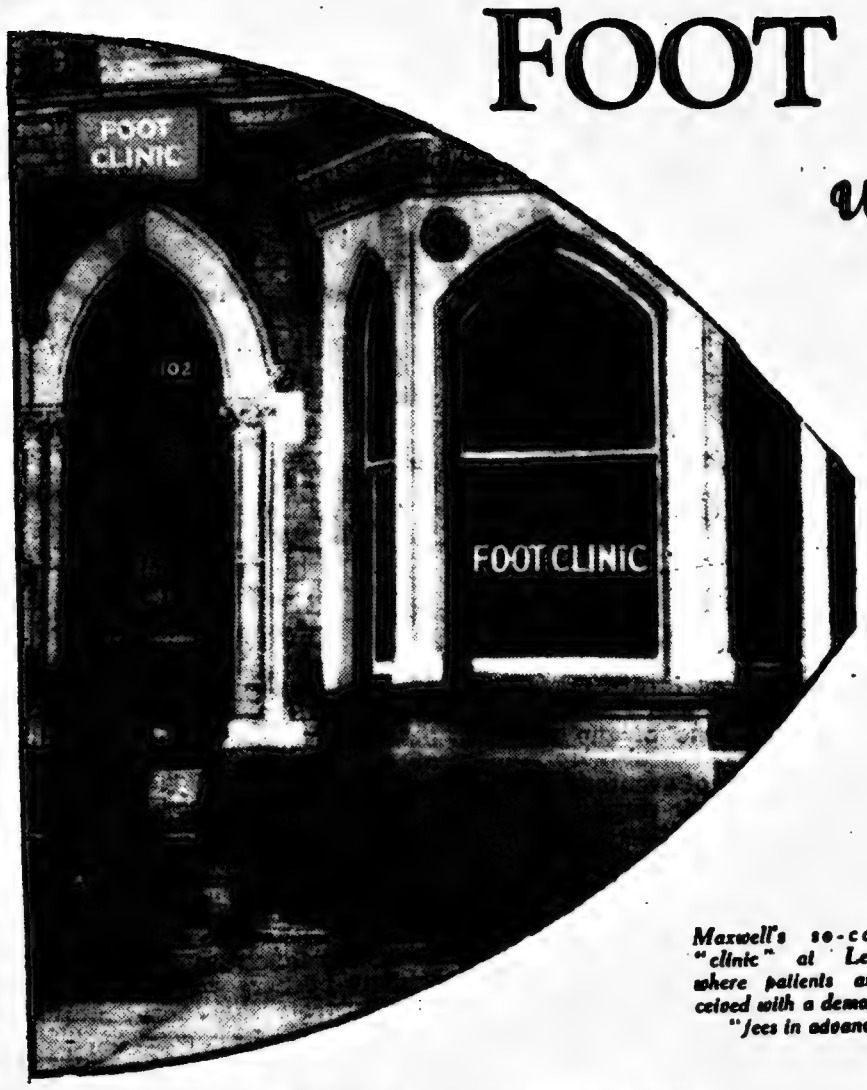
But when after the due interval the claim came before the court again, Maxwell did not put in an appearance.

He preferred to run away, rather than contest the issue further. Maxwell's name was called within the precincts of the court, but he did not answer.

Thereupon the judge made an order to Maxwell to return the woman her twenty-five guineas and to pay her full costs.

From this it will be seen that he is a flagrant impostor who should be rigidly avoided.

And, in conclusion, I cannot do better than repeat the advice I have so often given to readers in this connection. There is no excuse whatever for placing good health in the hands of such human vampires who have no recognised qualifications for practising as doctors.




*Maxwell's so-called "clinic" at Leicester where patients are received with a demand for "fees in advance"*

## *Haunting Dread*

WHO has not known, at one time or another, the feeling that the Fates are dead against him?

Two things go wrong and, superstitiously believing that ill luck comes in threes, we wait for the third, knowing in our heart of hearts, of course, that superstition can have nothing to do with it

The third stroke of Fate falls, and a fourth, and a fifth—and there grows that awful feeling that the dice of life are loaded against us.

Such a haunting dread beset a Manchester family even before fire attacked their home to make matters worse.

It was the first little ray of comfort in their lives for a long time when they remembered that a fortnight before they had protected themselves against such a calamity by becoming registered readers of JOHN BULL.

Then came our cheque, and the encouraging feeling that there was something in life besides continual reverse after all.

"Luck must be returning to us again," wrote the wife of the house, acknowledging our help. "We have been out of it for some time."

It was not luck, of course, but foresight—the sort of foresight that has made all the difference to many thousands of JOHN BULL readers when trouble was about. You can show such foresight by the simple act of turning to page 2 of this issue and signing the form you will find there.

*The Human Machine*

## WATCH YOUR INVESTMENTS!

*THROUGHOUT Nature all living and growing things must work slowly towards maturity. Human beings are no exception. They too must, sooner or later, realise that they are "grown up."*

*When are we grown up? When are we mature? It is not just a question of putting away childish things; it is not merely a question of "settling down." Maturity, adult stature, means that we have settled down to something, and what that something is, is the vital question.*

*In a very real sense youth is the time when we are investing our abilities and our resources, when we are accumulating mental reserves that we expect to pay dividends for many years.*

*And it is the satisfaction we get out of life and out of living when we reach adult stature that is the measure of the success of these investments.*

*The pity of it is that so many just age instead of maturing. They live—but they do not learn. They look forward to the time when they can indulge their tastes and interests, but they omit to train and cultivate those tastes and interests.*

*They waste their opportunities and squander their abilities: and their adult behaviour is immature and ineffective, not because they are fundamentally weak, but because they have made a mess of their growing up.*

*What should we do? We should quite deliberately curb our impatience and our aggressiveness and train our tolerance. We should learn to feel wisely as well as to think wisely. We should be for ever exploring so that when we are grown up we know to the full our powers—and our limitations.*

*We can almost pin it all down to one word. We are not really grown up, however old we may be, unless we have achieved that golden quality of "poise."*

'John Bull' reveals the Amazing Plot behind—

# NEWBOULD, the Forger

—The 'MAN' with Twenty

WE propose to reveal here the amazing story that lies behind the recent mysterious death in a London hotel of the man who passed as Thomas Guy Newbould.

It is the story of one of the most audacious and widespread conspiracies of fraud and forgery ever practised on the British public.

For behind Newbould the forger was Newbould the "Man" with Twenty Faces In other words, Newbould. or Newbold, has been for years the stock name used by a notorious gang of international swindlers to mask the identity of its members.

"Meet Mr. Newbould" meant in turn to meet perhaps twenty different "Mr. Newboulds."

## His last plot

The first hint of this astonishing discovery came when, two days before his suicide at Brown's Hotel, Dover Street, Piccadilly, the deceased Mr. Newbould kept an appointment at a City office. His object was to negotiate a loan on certain securities belonging, or purporting to belong, to Airspeed (1934), Limited, a company which has Lord Grimthorpe and Sir Alan Cobham, the distinguished airman, as its chief directors

On arriving at the office Newbould handed in his credentials, which appeared to be quite genuine, and told the officials of the company who interviewed him that he was a man of independent means.

The story he unfolded was perfectly convincing. He had helped a great friend out of a temporary difficulty, and, having to go abroad suddenly to attend to some urgent business, found himself unexpectedly short of the necessary funds.

The documents he handed over were worth, if they were genuine, nearly £3,000. He would be content to pledge them for £1,200. The directors, after leaving the room to reach a decision, finally agreed to put the deal through.

Presently they returned, and, during a further discussion, a most dramatic thing happened.

*Detective-Inspector Burrell and other officers of the City of London Police entered the room.*

## Amazing calm

When the Detective-Inspector explained who he was, and intimated that he had been called to the scene because the directors suspected the documents to be fabricated, Newbould did not turn a hair. At the age of sixty-nine he was complete master of his emotions. He looked very surprised, even suggested that he was suffering an indignity, but remained wonderfully calm and collected.

"I think there must be some mistake," he protested.

The Detective-Inspector explained that the securities seemed genuine enough, but that one of the two officials present had detected that one letter used in the name of the supposed owner was incorrect. It was the letter "u," and there was no "u" in the name of the real owner.

Newbould, in view of events which have happened since, must have realised the grave position he was in as the result of this discovery. But he did not show it. He told the Detective-Inspector a remarkable story. If the securities were worthless, he said, he was quite ignorant of the fact Although he could scarcely believe it, the friend he had helped financially in the hour of trouble must have deceived him.

He was quite innocent of any irregularity, and had only tried to negotiate the documents, which he had received from his friend in all good faith, because he needed the money for urgent business purposes.

The police officers accepted his story. They believed, at first, that he was telling the truth. They now know that he was one of the cleverest rogues who has ever extricated himself from such a difficult ordeal.

## Two villains

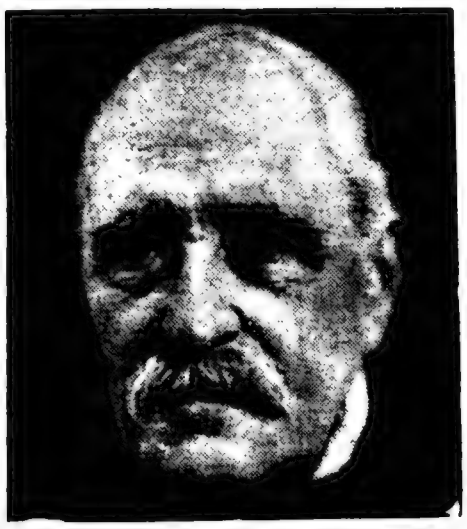
From the time Newbould left that office his movements are interesting to study. He went first to a club and drank four brandies. He smoked one cigar after another. He visited several offices which are now engaging police attention.

He met several men who live at West End hotels and pass as financiers Two of them are known to the police of England, America, France, Germany, and Australia as international share-pushers of the worst type.

Both are of American nationality, and have been behind some of the biggest and most audacious share frauds that have been perpetrated since the war. Although it was nothing new to them for the police to be on their heels, they had a great shock when Newbould confounded them with his story. For Newbould, an adept in the art of "telling the tale," had, amongst other operations, for years acted as an agent for these two men, and, as we shall show, had effected some staggering deals on their behalf.

During the following day the two chief share-pushers worked frantically to frustrate the efforts of the City of London Police, who, by that time, had reinforced their numbers by something like twenty Scotland Yard detectives.

For Newbould was only one of numerous agents who were going about the country endeavouring to obtain money fraudulently through the medium of similarly falsified securities bearing the names of reputable companies It was the beginning of a gigantic plot. In view of the police discoveries, these agents, as far as possible, were "called off" their swindling missions and, following urgent calls made at Newbould's hotel, the two leaders of the conspiracy fled to France. Then came the news of Newbould's suicide. Heavily intoxicated throughout the whole of the day following the dramatic arrival of Detective-Inspector Burrell into the City office, he returned to his hotel at midnight to discover that Scotland Yard officers were seeking him.



*The late Sir Augustus FitzGeorge, who fell a victim to this scheming gang*

Rather than face a term of penal servitude, which he would undoubtedly have received had he lived to face arrest and trial, and rather than involve his masters by explaining away some of the other colossal deals he had perpetrated under their generalship, he took his life.

He died in the name of Thomas Guy Newbould. During his career he had used numerous other names, and no one yet knows what his real name is.

Investigations show that, from time to time, he has been known as Guy Newbould, Guy Thomas Newbold, Walter Guy, Albert Wagstaff, Thomas Gay, and Thomas Gray.

And the amazing fact—as we have already indicated—has now come to light that Newbould, or Newbold, is an alias used freely by members of the gang of international rogues to which this man belonged. It has been adopted on different occasions by at least a score of these tricksters for the purpose of causing endless confusion and thus presenting investigators with a well-nigh hopeless task when seeking to unravel their frauds.

The chief of the two leaders has constantly passed as Thomas Newbould.

He is one of the greatest international fraudsmen of modern times—an American, whose real name is Carl James Shapiro. The dead man had been one of his closest confidants for years, and, when Shapiro had found it unwise to come to this country, had acted here as one of his chief agents.

## International

At forty-four Shapiro lives a life of luxury—on other people's money. He was banished from England by the Home Office seven years ago, following a series of frauds in connection with forged shares which were foisted on victims by his agents.

Yet, despite his banishment, he has made many brief visits to this country to direct his operations.

Mostly, however, he conducts his operations from hotels in Paris, Brussels, and Ostend. He has good reason to do so.

In November, 1928, the year after he was first deported, he was found here again, residing at one of

*Who was Thomas Guy Newbould? You did not see him, but in the mirror which reflected his life you saw a score of others who bore his name. Thus was his real identity hidden and police and public alike confused and confounded . . .*

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exclusive hotels and, agents, was robbing idespread scale. The uthorised Chief In- nan to order him out . He was told, in fact, turned he would be

was discovered, in the nfield, staying at a first- the West End of Lon- prosecuted, fined and time and again since e has cropped up in swindles.

ago the dead man's that of Shapiro and ternational notoriety, ntly in enquiries which y the police of this abroad into a great dupe people in Eng- m, and France of of money.

e, briefly, was to float ny in England for the procuring funds to manufacturing firms. the astonishing stories all army of American es, tens of thousands of d easily be raised in and loaned to foreign te which were in need of capital owing to the effects of the world crisis.

When something like a quarter of a million pounds had been raised from foreign manufacturers and from firms in this country with important foreign interests, the promoters of the scheme vanished, and the great fraud came to light.

Thomas Guy Newbould himself engaged in some truly astounding frauds. One of his victims, or rather the victim of the powerful ring he represented, was the late Sir Augustus FitzGeorge.

No better illustration of Newbould's brilliance and poise could possibly be found than in this particular case.

## Nobleman dupe

For months, with money handed to him freely by his chiefs, Newbould "cultivated" Sir Augustus, and, already well known in social circles, where he was regarded as a man of independent means, gradually became quite friendly with him.

When the time was ripe for the fraud Newbould, with the personal assistance of others, completely hoodwinked the trustful old nobleman. He was told about a company named National Chemical Holdings, Limited, which was to make a fortune from the exploitation of certain chemical inventions. Actually it is a company which, registered in Guernsey, has never done anything tangible beyond parting misguided people from their hard-earned money.

Under the weight of Newbould's disarming rhetoric Sir Augustus invested, in all, £30,000 in this worthless venture. The bulk of this little "windfall" went to Newbould's "bosses," although he himself did very well out of it.

Eventually, before Sir Augustus realised he was being robbed, he had parted with over £60,000 to Newbould and his associates for shares which brought no return at all. And, sadder still, the worry over his circumstances, as a result of the fraud, hastened his death.

## £70,000 mystery

Newbould—always, remember, acting for his "bosses," who are still at large—on another occasion acquired a reputable broker's business in the Midlands and, trading on its previous good reputation, went all over the country raising money for different companies in which the gang was interested.

Then, when complaints, involving more than £70,000, had been received by the authorities he and his swindling colleagues closed their various offices and disappeared.

On an earlier occasion, still conspiring with the same rogues, he played a leading part in a huge rum-running venture, which, founded completely on fraud, extracted over a hundred thousand pounds from investors.

He and his confederates also obtained vast sums in huge greyhound racing schemes, in ventures formed to run casinos and gaming palaces, in gold-mining and oil-mining ventures, and, with sparkling variety, in companies formed to breed pigs on a scale hitherto unattempted!

Even the rays of the sun they exploited. Newbould and other agents of this resourceful gang a year or two ago induced countless people to part with vast sums, in the aggregate, in a group of companies formed to open a chain of "Sun Ray" institutes of the most modernised type in England and abroad.

The only result, as might be expected, was that all the victims burnt their fingers!

Quite recently Newbould was a frequent visitor to a certain establishment in the West End of London, where the most amazing group of so-called financiers meet daily. Among their number are share-pushers of American and Canadian origin, ex-jailbirds and even men who have been to prison for robbery with violence and common larceny!

The gang with which Newbould was so actively associated has, through the various methods we have revealed, extracted at least half a million from investors in this country during the last few years.

Although people who did not know anything of his inner life believed him to be a man of wealth and distinction, Newbould was heavily in debt during the last few months of his life. He lived up to every penny he made, being extravagant and fond of luxury.

And the confusion as to his real identity, which may or may not be cleared up at the adjourned inquest, is not limited to this country For although warrants, issued in his name—or, at least the name in which he was known at the time of his death—are in existence in Brussels, Ostend and Paris, the police are by no means certain that they actually relate to him!

## Who next?

He was undoubtedly an amazing swindler. But he was just a pawn in the game. Bigger rogues were behind him, reaping from his cleverness the lion's share of the proceeds of the crimes in which they were all, to a greater or lesser degree, concerned.

Newbould is dead—slain by his own hand But the others are alive, in hiding now, wondering what is going to happen to them.

In the interests of justice they should not be left to wonder a moment longer than is necessary.

When your dog is

SCRATCHING

it's a symptom of bad blood and a sign of your neglect

When your dog annoys you by scratching himself, it shows that you have neglected to condition him. Food impurities have accumulated in his bloodstream and set up a terrible itching under his skin.

Save him from this torture. Provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which remove every impurity from the blood and so stop the craving to scratch.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders prevent and cure all disorders due to impure blood, such as continual scratching, listlessness, dull and loose coat, sulky temper, loss of appetite, eczema and eczema-gout (swellings between the toes).

*Thoughtful people keep their dogs fit by correct conditioning—a Bob Martin's Condition Powder three times a day on two successive days in every week.*

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(TASTELESS)
CONDITION POWDERS

1/- boxes of 21 powders, 6d. packets of 9

WHEN IS LIGHT CHEAPEST?

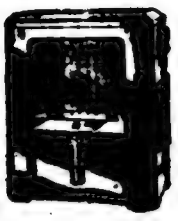
When it's Aladdin, of course

Aladdin burns paraffin and costs less than ½d. an hour. The pure white rays of 125 candlepower are even preferred to gas or electricity. It's a safe light that winds or draughts cannot flicker. A light as clean and odourless as electricity. But what a difference in cost! Costs from 33/-. Shades extra from 4/6.

WHEN IS HEAT ECONOMICAL?

When it's Aladdin, of course

The new Aladdin Paradiant Fire gives you intense heat for less than ½d. an hour. Heat that is odourless, ashless, cinderless, and *safe*. Heat you can carry around, even when alight. No pressure or pumping. No installation costs. A fire of perfect appearance, and its fuel?—just paraffin. The very last word in heating.
Costs only £4.9.6



WHEN IS PARAFFIN COLOURED?

When it's Aladdin, of course

White May, coloured pink for your protection. That's Aladdin Paraffin—the finest paraffin obtainable and costs no more. Insist on Aladdin Paraffin and look for the colour—Pink.

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# "JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories—96

*I CARRIED her through the shining waters which lapped over the lane*

# Almost Charged WITH MURDER

I AM a widower. My name I cannot give. Neither can I surrender the names of those others concerned in this story—my late wife, and the woman who, at one time, I thought I loved. Also I am altering the name of the village where the scene of this tale is set. But the story itself I am not altering, neither am I embroidering it.

I had been courting Winnie Baker for two years. I remember our first meeting when, new to the village, I attended evensong one Sunday at the little sixteenth-century church on the hill, and settled down in one of the back pews, from whence I could glimpse a good view of the scattered congregation.

Winnie was seated a few pews in front of me, and time and time again during that service she turned her head, flashing dark, gipsy eyes in my direction. I felt that the emotion I experienced each time those eyes dwelt upon me must be love, and it was not until two years later that I realised it was but infatuation.

On that far-off evening, however, the spell of those eyes held me, and, as the service ended, almost before the last echoes of the Benediction had died away, I slipped out into the dusk-laden churchyard.

From beneath the generous darkness of a yew tree I waited for the congregation to file out through the porchway, where a battered oil lantern swung from a beam and sent the shadows dancing on the near-by tombstones.

Winnie was one of the first to appear—she confessed afterwards that she hurried for fear of missing me—and through the gathering twilight her dark eyes flashed—and they found mine.

As she drew level I stepped from the yew tree's shelter and raised my hat. It is not necessary to follow up the "Good evening—May I walk a little way with you?" which fell from my lips. It is enough to say that I did walk with her that evening, and for almost every evening afterwards for two whole years.

She was parlourmaid at the only big house in the village—"Green Gates" let me call it—and I learned later that her presence in the church that evening was merely due to her employer's insisting upon attendance at Divine Service at least once each Sabbath.

But I found her vivid, amusing, and strangely passionate, and for two years we walked out together, I remaining under the spell of those dark, gipsy eyes until there entered into my life Muriel Gibbons the woman who was destined to become my wife.

It had been raining hard throughout the day and at night it was still raining, steadily and insistently, so that the new day dawned amidst watery sunshine which shimmered hazily over the sodden pastures and blurred low hills.

The earth smelt good as I set out from the cottage where I lodged. There was a smell of wet grass and green growing things, and the clean odour of rain-washed soil not long turned by the plough for the spring sowings.

The sodden fields lay on either side, set with dripping copses where primroses starred the leafy mould, and I remember that the earth was steaming.

The village of Whitehurst lies in a Surrey valley, with Kent not far to the rear and the Sussex borders on before, and my destination that morning was East Grinstead. I turned down a muddy green lane.

The hawthorn hedges were misted with green and there were primroses on the banks, and handfuls of daffodils behind the hedge. All these details I remember clearly, for it was here that I first encountered my future wife.

Round the bend in the lane she appeared, with fair hair framing her pale features, and blue eyes which looked up into mine as she drew level.

"You can't get out of this lane," she said. "The floods are out."

"Where?" said I.

"All down beyond. Morris' meadows are under water, and the lane's knee-deep, too. I'm so annoyed," she added suddenly. "It was most important that I should get to East Grinstead to-day."

"But," I said, "please don't give up hope. I'm going to Grinstead, too, and I've my waders on—perhaps I can help you through the water?"

So I carried her through the shining waters which lapped over the lane, and afterwards we boarded the same 'bus for Grinstead, and sat together in the same teashop before commencing on our homeward journey.

From that day I knew that Winnie Baker meant nothing to me. That what I thought love was but a passing infatuation, and a week after the floods I decided to see her for the last time.

We met by the signpost at the cross-roads soon after seven o'clock, and although I told her all I had to say immediately, I was still trying to pacify and explain when the church clock tolled the hour of ten across the night-wrapped countryside.

I told her how grateful I was for her friendship, but how it could not go on, that it could lead nowhere. . . . I told her, too, that I had met someone else. . .

We parted at last, Winnie refusing to listen to reason, myself firm in my new resolve, and the next evening I called upon my new-found friend of the flood episode, telling her that I had broken with Winnie, as I had promised her I would.

"It is you I love," I told her, as I had done many times already in that short week. "You I want to make my wife. . ."

Days of courtship followed, courtship set in the leafy lanes of England, beneath the spell of an English spring. Together we wandered, arm-in-arm, through the moonlit countryside, planning the things that were to be . . .

It was a June wedding, with a rich sun spreading through the stained glass windows of the old church, and the scent of the second hay crop drifting up from the fields.

We had been married eight years when my wife suddenly became ill, and it was after she had taken to her bed two weeks that Winnie Baker appeared at the cottage. She looked at me with those dark gipsy eyes as I opened the door to her knock, and my mind rushed back to the past.

"I've heard your wife is ill, Tom," she began, "and I have come to help you."

I was rather taken aback: I had seen nothing of Winnie for a year or two. She had left "Green Gates" and had taken a situation in a neighbouring town. I said at length:

"That's very nice of you, Winnie, but I don't see how you can help me."

"Who's doing your housework?" she said at once.

"I am."

"Then I *can* help you!" she said triumphantly. "I can clean up. I hear the nurse is coming each day and they want a bit of cleaning up after them! I'm back at 'Green Gates,'" she went on, "and the Missus said I might slip up here to see if I could give you a hand."

So back on the scene came Winnie. Daily she came and cleaned up the

*(Continued on page 24)*

# Name the Fairy Soap Baby

# £1000

**MUST BE WON**

## FIRST PRIZE £500

**SECOND PRIZE £100**

**350 prizes of £1.**

**THIRD PRIZE £50**

**No cash entry fee!**

The famous Fairy Soap Baby wants a name. He appears on Fairy Soap and we want to print his name on every tablet.

What would you call him? Any number of names suggest themselves. "Nappy Lad" for example; "Clarence Cleany" or "Sudsy Sam."

One name you mustn't use is "Bizzie." That's our present nickname for him; now we want a name 'consisting of two words' that rolls off the tongue and is easy to remember—like Tiny Tim or Teddy Bear. Literary skill isn't necessary. It's easy as a-b-c. Name the Baby, that's all. One thing is certain: when the three top winners are announced, somebody is going to be £500 the richer; someone else £100; someone else £50. And there are the 350 prizes of £1.

To help you win, we have listed below the qualities of Fairy Soap. Read them. TRY Fairy Soap.

The more you know about Fairy Soap, the easier it will be to name the Fairy Baby. The contest will be open for a short period only and the three top winners will be announced in the Daily Mail, Daily Express and other newspapers on October 31st and in John Bull on November 10th.

Send in as many entries as you like. Enter on a plain sheet of paper—or even on a packet-end—by simply putting down your two-word name, signing your own name and address and posting to address below. Just follow the simple Rules. Get your soap and enter to-day!

## CONTEST RULES

1. Every man, woman and child is eligible to enter the Contest. Study the picture of the Fairy Soap Baby and read the advantages of Fairy Soap.
2. Then give the baby a name—a name consisting of two words.
3. Tear off the end flap of a Fairy packet—it's marked Fairy (Olive Oil) Soap. Post it in a sealed envelope together with your entry on the form below or on plain paper. Use 1½d. stamp.
4. Now. If you wish to try twice, you can. There are two ends on each Fairy packet. You might as well submit a suggestion with each end. For every packet of Fairy Soap you buy you get two chances. But why stop at two? Write as many suggestions as you like on plain white paper or on additional entry forms you can get from any soap shop and submit them. The only requirement is this: *One* end of a Fairy packet must accompany each and every two-word name submitted. And each and every one will be judged on its own merits and is eligible for the First or other Prizes.
5. For the best name, £500 in cash will be paid. For the next best £100 in cash will be paid; for the third best £50 in cash will be paid, and 350 prizes of £1 each will be paid to entries next in order of merit.
6. The first, second and third prizewinners will be announced October 31st in the Daily Mail, Daily Express and other newspapers and in the Nov. 10th issue of John Bull. They will receive their cash November 1st. The 350 winners of £1 each will be notified by post. Full list of all prize winners and addresses will be sent to anyone on request.
7. In case of tie or ties for first, second or third prizes, the award concerned will be divided equally among the tying entrants.
8. The final judges will be (1) the artist who created the baby; (2) a director of Thomas Hedley & Co. Ltd.; and (3) a famous woman writer on domestic subjects.
9. Entries must be received not later than first post October 20th, 1934. Entries received after that cannot be considered.
10. No employee of Thomas Hedley & Co. Ltd., is eligible for this Contest. Everyone else can enter—man, woman or child.
11. Proof of posting entries is not deemed proof of delivery, and no responsibility for entries lost or mislaid after delivery will be undertaken.
12. The decision of the judges on any matter arising out of or in connection with this Competition must be accepted as final and legally binding. No correspondence can be entered into.

## IMPORTANT! READ THESE ADVANTAGES OF FAIRY SOAP—THEY'LL HELP YOU WIN

1. Fairy is made with olive oil—a costly ingredient which is kinder to fabrics, soothing to hands.
2. In spite of this finer oil Fairy costs you no more than ordinary soap.
3. You'll notice the difference in Fairy. It's as good as it looks, as pure as it smells.
4. Fairy washes nappies whiter and softer than ordinary soap; it is better for all clothes that touch the skin.
5. Fairy is ideal for collars, cuffs, socks—for every rubbing job; for all-purpose work in the kitchen—and the olive oil protects your hands from redness and roughness.
6. Fairy is inexpensive, yet so superior in quality that thousands of people use it for hands and face and the bath.
7. The two big Fairy tablets in each packet are wrapped separately for your convenience and economy.

**You get two chances for the £500 First Prize with every Packet.**

## USE THIS ENTRY FORM OR A PLAIN SHEET OF PAPER

***Send as many entries as you like.***

*Address your entry to: Thomas Hedley & Co. Ltd., P.O. Box B1-102, Collingwood Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Post in sealed envelope with 1½d. stamp.*

*My Entry for the Fairy Soap Baby Name Competition is:—*

.....

*I am attaching ONE end of a Fairy packet with EACH two-word name submitted, and understand that each name will be considered on its own merit for the Prize Money. I agree to accept the judges' decisions as final and legally binding, that any entry can be disqualified for any reason considered by the judges good and sufficient, and that Thomas Hedley & Co. Ltd., reserve the right to use any name submitted in any way in connection with their advertising.*

*Signed* .....

*Address* .....

.....

*You can enter on a plain sheet of paper—or even on a packet end. Just put down your entry and your own name and address and post as above. OR ADDITIONAL ENTRY FORMS can be obtained from any shop that sells Fairy Soap. Look for the Fairy Soap Baby on the shop window. ONE END from a Fairy Soap packet must be sent with EVERY name submitted. No letter necessary.*

"I always say I can get outside the washing in 'arf the time when I've got my Robin Starch."

ROBIN *Starch*

*for that expert finish*

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*—to use A.G.'s*

Extra smokes, extra flavour, that's what A.G. users get—and at *much less cost*.

Try it yourself! A.G.'s roll easier because they are crisper and strong. You get the real tobacco flavour too, rolled in this *thinner* paper that *is* pure.

It pays to insist on A.G.'s, they cost no more, but they *do* make better cigarettes.

*A.G.'s fit all machines and give best results.*

AG *The better paper for better cigarettes.*

**POND'S NEW POWDER FREE!**

Readers of "John Bull" are invited to accept samples of all four shades of Pond's new powder. All that is necessary is to write to Dept. 591, Pond's Extract Co., Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex, attaching 1d. stamp and post in 1½d. sealed envelope. You can also fill in the coupon in the offer which appears on page 27 and attach 1d. stamp to one corner and post in 1½d. sealed envelope.


*Continuing*
**"Almost Charged with Murder"**

*"Tiny soon came back to explore, sniffing round and round . . ."*

# *I Find POISON . .*

cottage, bringing me cooked pies and pastries from the big house, and daintier fare—such as beef extract and grapes—for Muriel, who came to like this dark-eyed woman, and was grateful for all she was doing for both of us.

But after an illness lasting less than six weeks, my wife died.

I lived on alone at the cottage after Muriel's burial. I could not give it up—even though I knew I should never marry again—for it contained too many precious memories.

Winnie continued to come to the cottage, and would potter about the place, making a pretence of tidying up, then settling down beside me, wherever I sat with my pipe and my own sad thoughts, trying to draw me into conversation.

At last I told her plainly that I would rather she did not come again.

"The villagers will start talking," I said, "now that I am alone here."

"What if they do!" she flared back at me, her eyes flashing as they had of old. Then she suddenly flung herself at my feet, clinging hysterically to my ankles, flinging back her small dark head and challenging me with her still great beauty.

"What if they do!" she repeated. "Oh, Tom—Tom—can't you see that I love you—that I've always loved you! I've waited all these years for you. . . ."

It was impossible for me to quieten her, although I pleaded for what seemed hours, telling her again and again that I should never remarry, that my heart was buried with Muriel.

At last she realised that I was not to be moved from my determination, and she snatched up her hat and coat and rushed out.

* * * \

## *"Housework made me so* TIRED *"and run-down looking— "Thank goodness I did something*

"We live in an awkward house—lots of "stairs, and soot settling on everything. "But ever since we were married, I've "taken a pride in keeping the home "lovely. I even soda the bath every day. ". . . Last winter all my strength seemed "to go. I got tired right out—the sort of "tiredness when you just want to drop. "But I had to keep going.

### Suddenly my husband changed

"Then suddenly I noticed that my hus- "band was less interested in the home. "Being run-down made me look tired "and 'drawn.' He was restless, fiddled "with the wireless. "Thank goodness I was sensible about "it. No use blaming him. The truth is "that any man gets tired of a tired-out "wife. I'd known about Hall's Wine for "ending tiredness ever since my mother "was so run-down after her illness. The "very first bottle of Hall's Wine seemed to "pour new life into me. I was my old self "again, looking years younger, all my tired- "ness gone." Mrs. B. G., London, N.W.3.

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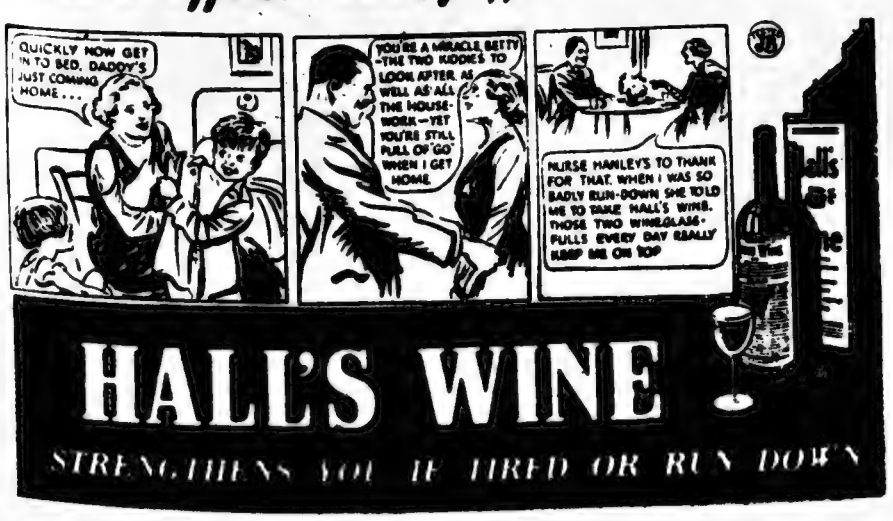
*What a different state of affairs in this home—*


QUICKLY NOW GET IN TO BED, DADDY'S JUST COMING HOME . . .
YOU'RE A MIRACLE BETTY —THE TWO KIDDIES TO LOOK AFTER AS WELL AS ALL THE HOUSE-WORK—YET YOU'RE STILL FULL OF 'GO' WHEN I GET HOME
NURSE HANLEYS TO THANK FOR THAT. WHEN I WAS SO BADLY RUN-DOWN SHE TOLD ME TO TAKE HALL'S WINE. THOSE TWO WINEGLASS-FULLS EVERY DAY REALLY KEEP ME ON TOP
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STRENGTHENS YOU IF TIRED OR RUN DOWN

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**How YOU can end the Agony of ULCERS**

Aren't you *tired* of that endless throbbing PAIN? Aren't you *weary* of hobbling about the house, a drag on others and a misery to yourself? And isn't it time you *stopped* spending money on useless treatments that *might* cure you—but never do?

Well, you can *end* all that pain, misery and expense—TO-DAY! GERMOLENE, the 'Magic Ointment,' is a remedy whose efficacy has been PROVED by countless former sufferers. Germolene Ointment will bring to *you* the same instant soothing, permanent healing that it has brought to so many others. Read this:—

*"Two months ago I fell and caught my leg. It began to spread and run, and within a week turned to ULCERS. After trying 8 weeks to cure it, my husband brought home a tin of Germolene. WITHIN ONE WEEK it is completely healed!"*

*Mrs. B., Paddington, W.2.*

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Feel how nagging pain *stops*—in ONE MINUTE! See how quickly Germolene brings perfect, permanent healing. Get your tin of Germolene Ointment to-day.


HUMAN DOCUMENTS *probed by* PHILIP INMAN

# *Refused a* CHARACTER —by the Spiteful Employer

*"I have given notice, but she makes me stay by refusing to give me a character."*

"BRITONS never shall be slaves," we sing sometimes. Proudly we call ours the Land of the Free. And yet there are tens of thousands of our people who are bound hand and foot. Some of them can scarcely call their souls their own.

Take just one phase of life—that relating to employment. We know that work must have its conditions; that hours and wages must be regulated. No sensible person complains about that. But there are, unfortunately, far too many cases where service is sheer slavery.

Imagine a position of this kind. "I can't leave my present situation," says one of my readers, "because my employer refuses to give me a reference." Here is her letter:

"I am twenty years of age and have been in my present situation for four years. My employer has an ungovernable temper, and after giving way to it she refuses to speak to me for weeks at a time, writing down on paper anything she wants me to know. I have given notice twice, but on each occasion she has made me stay by saying that she will not give me a character.

"It does seem hard after having done my best all this time, and I have now come to the end of my tether. I can't possibly stay with her any longer, for I am feeling the strain terribly. But how can I obtain another position without a reference? Please, Mr. Inman, can you help me—what am I to do?"

☆ ★ ☆

There are good and bad employers—this one is definitely bad. She not only has bouts of ungovernable temper, she also sulks for weeks at a time. Then when my correspondent threatens to leave she resorts to the mean and spiteful suggestion that she will refuse to give a reference. Very well, she must be paid back in her own coin. I advise this girl to obtain another post and, when she has done so, and not until then, let her give her employer notice.

"But how can I find other work without a reference?" she asks. Let me reply by saying that her four years' service in her present employment will be a sufficient reference for most people. What she should do is to enter her name on the rolls of a good employment registry. Or she might insert a small "Wanted" advertisement in her local paper, having replies sent to a box number. In that case her name need not be disclosed and her present mistress would know nothing about it. Then, when an interview has been arranged, she can explain the position to her prospective employer.

At present this girl has youth on her side. It would indeed be foolish to continue any longer under present conditions. Her nerves will become frayed and in time she will not be fit enough to tackle a new job.

My advice to her is—make a change, and as early as possible. Bearing in mind what I have said, that should not be difficult.

☆ ★ ☆

Now this girl has done nothing which would justify her employer refusing her a reference. My next correspondent is less fortunate. Listen to what he says:

"Two years ago I was convicted for stealing, and since then I have tried very hard to live down that terrible time. After a struggle I managed to get a job in a big hotel, and was doing well until recently, when one of the men missed a pound from his pocket. Detectives were called in and each of us was questioned.

"About a week later I was called to the manager's office and given a moment's notice. The detectives had found out about my conviction—and of course, I had not mentioned that when I applied for the post. I asked the manager if he accused me of taking the pound. He answered: 'No, but I don't wish to have any convicted thieves on my staff.' I pleaded with him, but he ordered me out.

"I had to pack my things in the dressing-room, and all the other men who were there must have been under the impression that I was the thief, for I could not tell them it was for my previous lapse that I was being sacked. Even my folk think I have fallen again. Can you suggest any way for me to get work?"

A very difficult problem indeed! In theory it is asserted that after a man has paid the penalty for any crime he has committed, it should be completely blotted out. But in practice it seldom works that way. And in my correspondent's case I am afraid his lapse will prove an obstacle until he can secure a post and keep it long enough to prove his worth.

☆ ★ ☆

It is not going to be easy for him to find a new opening. But others have done it—why shouldn't he? There are still employers left who are willing to give a man a second chance. Sometimes a probation officer at a police court can be of great assistance. Or application could be made to the superintendent of a city mission; the local headquarters of the Salvation Army, or an organisation like the Winter Distress League.

My correspondent must be ready and willing to undertake any job that comes along. Only in that way can he wipe out the past and prove himself worthy of better things.

Another is a third problem set by a correspondent, who asks if it is right for a false reference to be given in order to help someone to make good:

"Every week I read with interest and admiration the way you straighten out people's problems. Now I am writing to ask your help in one which seems more than I can manage. My cousin has a daughter who has just left a good situation under a cloud. Although a fine girl in regard to her work, she got into bad company, and one night did not return to her situation, nor yet to her home.

"Her employers 'phoned to the police to get into touch with her parents, as they were afraid she might have met with an accident. But it was found, on enquiry, that she was at her aunt's house. This aunt is her own mother's sister, a widow, who, on account of the wild life she is living, has become estranged from the rest of the family, and she deliberately tried to lead the girl astray with a soldier home on leave. (This man has since gone abroad.)

"The girl's mother was simply broken-hearted. But now, away from the influence of her aunt and the soldier, the girl seems genuinely sorry for her lapse. She lost her situation, and now is anxious to find another. She has had one or two offers, but her late mistress refuses to give her a reference, although she admits that the girl's work was beyond reproach.

"This is where I come in. Her mother has asked me if I will say that she worked for me. She says that if I do so I need never be afraid she will let me down. The girl is applying for work outside the town, so they do not think there is any danger of my being interviewed.

"But I do not like the idea, as my conscience says 'No.' Yet, on the other hand, I have five daughters of my own, and I would not like to think that, for the sake of one slip, they might not get another chance. So please will you advise me? I find it hard to decide, as I do not like to refuse to help anyone, if it is in my power to do so."

My correspondent should, on no account, be a party to giving a false reference. It might lead to very unpleasant consequences and place her in a very awkward predicament. Help the girl, by all means, but in a straightforward way. How can this be done?

It seems to me that someone must be found to intercede with her late employer. It is altogether wrong that the future of anyone should be damned for one foolish escapade, when, as in this case, the girl seems to have been led astray by a woman much older than herself.

☆ ★ ☆

My correspondent, as she is obviously anxious to help, might interview that former mistress. She might plead with her on these lines: "I have five daughters of my own, and, if one of them should make a mistake, I should be grateful if someone would help her to retrieve it."

Then she might go on to explain the circumstances which led to the lapse on the part of that girl, and that she is genuinely sorry for the trouble she has caused. "If you can't reinstate her yourself," she can continue, "surely, for her parents' sake, as well as her own, you will not stand in the way of her obtaining another post!"

I can scarcely believe an appeal on these lines can fail. But if it should do so, then a local clergyman or minister might be asked to testify as to the girl's general character.

**Send your problem to "Humanist," at 32, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted on this page.**

## THE COUNTESS OF GALLOWAY

*Agrees with you*

Of course you want your skin to be smooth and clear. But in these busy days your beauty aids must be *simple to use* and really reliable.

*Lady Galloway agrees with you.* That's why she uses Pond's Creams. "I only have to spend a few minutes a day to keep my skin always smooth and fine," she says. And Pond's products cost so little that every woman can afford *the same fine creams Society Leaders prefer.*

This is how Lady Galloway uses Pond's:—

She cleanses her face several times a day with Pond's Cold Cream. Its pure oils go deep into the pores and float dirt and dust to the surface. To remove cream and dirt she uses Pond's Cleansing Tissues—so soft and absorbent.

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(JOHN BULL 22/9/34)

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**for naming the Fairy Soap Baby**

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**HUNDREDS of other Cash Prizes**

**No Entrance Fee!**

Turn to page 23. Name the Fairy Soap Baby and send in your suggestion accompanied by an end of a Fairy Soap Packet. Simple—isn't it? Takes only a few minutes—and you may win a handsome cash prize!

**Turn to p. 23 NOW! and Send in Your Entry!**


## £1,050 Cash and Radio Sets Won in Crossword Competition No. 274.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following five competitors, who share the £250 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £170 and a "Cossor" Radio Receiver will be sent:—

W. Brockshaw, Senr., Crowe Hall, Crowe.
W. G. Hewson, 52, Strelley Avenue, Sheffield.
Miss I. R. L. Manger, 74, Selsby Street, Nuneaton.
R. N. Robinson, 61, Stonefidge Road, Fallowfield, Manchester.
T. Smith, 58, Sycamore Street, Ashington, Northumberland.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, October 2, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

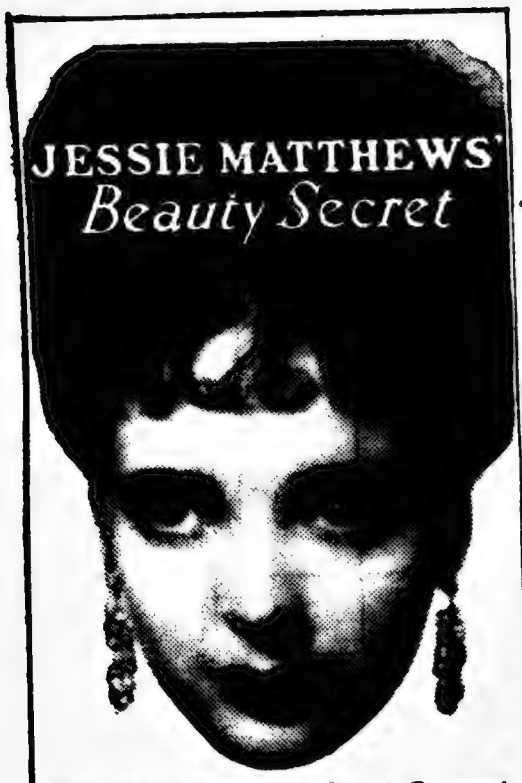
No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £200 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 76 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £2 12s. 6d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A Crossword Season Ticket containing 26 Free Entries to our Crossword contest will also be sent to every Runner-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

BOOTH WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 272.—One hundred and fifty-three competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered, and payments of 15s. 1d. have been despatched.

Another splendid New Z-Word Offer with a First Prize of £20 Monthly for Life and £1,000 (or one lump sum of £1,500 cash), together with a Runners-up prize of £500, appears on Page 26. Try your skill now!

JESSIE MATTHEWS'
*Beauty Secret*



**Miss Jessie Matthews, the famous Gaumont-British Film Star, writes:—**
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Your safety is as important as theirs. Note the white tell-tale top light and green side-lights. Ask any good-class cycle agent to show you this wonder lamp to-day! *Avoid and refuse substitutes.*

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ELECTRIC CYCLE LAMPS

# The Great Launch

## HOW '534' WILL TAKE *the* PLUNGE

IT is a sad as well as a joyous moment when, as happens every ten years or so, the biggest and most famous ship in the world has to hand over her crown to a new Queen of the Seas mightier than herself.

The newcomer becomes an eighth wonder of the world which everyone is proud even to touch—the supplanted ship a back number. Therefore the tragedy is heightened when, as was the case last time, the supremacy of the High Seas passes in a moment from a British to a foreign liner.

The process will, happily, be reversed in the early afternoon of next Wednesday, when the Queen, who will be accompanied by the King, will christen the monster new Cunarder 534 and send her gliding down the slips to touch for the first time the element over which she will, till a still greater monster supplants her, reign supreme.

The laurels will return to Britain again, and once more the biggest and fastest liner on the Atlantic highway will be British. So the occasion will be one for joy rather than for sadness.

What a simple affair of a few minutes the launching will appear to those witnessing the ceremony. They will never guess what weeks of feverish planning and herculean toil, what chronic last-minute doubts and misgivings, lie behind it.

* * *

THE King and Queen will mount a special dais high up near the great liner's bows. Over them, where the name is to be placed, will be eight rivet holes, suggesting that although the name BRITANNIA has been widely favoured in Cunard circles, an eight-letter word might be the final choice.

The Queen will swing a bottle of champagne against the bows. As the fragments go tinkling down the knife-edge bows she will lean towards the microphone and say "I name you ——," uttering the jealously guarded secret of 534's name for the first time. The B.B.C. will carry the words to the whole Empire.

Launching the world's greatest liner in a river considered too narrow in days when ships half her length were the world's biggest is not so easy as it looks.

In the first place the experts had to build a model of the whole district—ship, slips and river—with everything exactly to scale. They carried out a launching with that. They found out what they expected, that unless special precautions were taken this 34,000 tons of hull, nearly 10,000 tons heavier than any other hull ever built and designed to carry another 40,000 tons of machinery, furniture and fittings, would go crashing into the opposite bank.

Thousands of pounds were spent on dredging and widening the river, and corresponding alterations were made in the scale model. Still there was an element of danger. So they trailed tiny chains from the model ship until they added just enough resistance to bring her to rest in mid-stream.

* * *

CUNARDER 534 will drag 1,000 tons of cables on either side of her. The tests with the model have shown that just that amount will be necessary. And even then three of the most powerful tugs in the country will have slack lines on her, ready to negative any tendency which crops up unexpectedly.

Preparations for the launching actually began before the keel was laid. 534 was given a slope of one in twenty-four on the slips, a descent of half an inch for each foot of her length, because that seemed just enough to enable her to move with safety.

It was estimated, before she was begun, that she would reach a speed of twelve miles an hour on touching water and that two minutes three seconds would elapse before she came to a standstill in mid-stream. And it wasn't far wrong. Now that she is built we know that she will reach fourteen miles an hour and keep on the move for two minutes eleven seconds. So mathematically precise are the experts who have to see to it that a ship worth millions does not jam on the stocks, turn turtle on reaching water, crash into the bank, or meet disaster in any other way!

The actual work of launching will begin with the arrival of the three tugs that are to assist. For three days their masters and crews will rehearse their work, carrying out the movements expected of them to the letter.

Two days before the ceremony the entire launching staff will begin rehearsals that will not stop until the arrival of the queen is signalled for the event itself.

On the day before the ceremony the lubricating of the slipway and the underneath plates of the hull with thirty-one and a half tons of tallow, soft soap and train oil—the right lubricant has to be used in the right place—will be carried out.

At last the moment will come when the chocks that for months have kept the ship from gliding to a premature and disastrous launching will be knocked away The start will be made as the King and Queen leave Balmoral.

* * *

WITH huge wooden mallets—for wood on wood is the rule—the workmen will knock them away in batches until only thirty, then twenty, then sixteen remain. Thereupon eight strong "fingers" will catch hold of the ship, four on either side, and with these detaining her the last chocks or wedges will be driven out of position.

The touch of a trigger, which is all that is required to release the pressure of those eight fingers, should now suffice to send this floating palace on the start of her thirty years of ocean-wide wanderings.

Now the King and Queen, the crash of the bottle, the words "I name you ——," the blare of a band, the shrieks of syrens!

Cunarder 534 will seem to give an imperceptible shudder. She may move off slowly, or the six hydraulic rams held in reserve to give her a preliminary push if necessary may have to do their work. Anyhow, move she will, first in the tiniest of jerks, then smoothly, and then—well even the experts differ as to what would happen when so huge a solid body plunges into so narrow a river.

Some of the experts say a tidal wave of eight or nine feet high will be set up, enough to sweep clean of people the public right of way opposite what is the only free grandstand for the general public. Anyway, the authority responsible, anxious to take no risks, has ordered the right of way to be closed, so that the chances of seeing this wonderful spectacle for nothing are negligible.

It must be remembered that when the ironclad *Albion* was launched on Clydebank more than fifty years ago

*The bows of "534" are almost ready to cleave the water . . .*

the resulting tidal wave carried thirty people into the water. Twelve were drowned, and lie buried in a common grave provided by the company that built the ship.

The only other area offering a 'vantage point are the farm-lands on the opposite banks. If they were available to the general public all would be well, but they are not. Syndicates are charging up to 15s. 6d. for admission.

But, whatever happens at the launching, for month after month until she goes into service round about March, 1936, the great liner will gradually grow into the Wonder of the Seven Seas.

She will have engines capable of more than 200,000 horse-power, bigger than anything ever devised before. They will be housed independently in separate watertight compartments so that flooding one set, or even two, will not affect the rest. They will propel her at thirty-five miles an hour, easily, quietly and without vibration, because the entire units will be housed on rubber blocks like modern motor-car engines.

* * *

SOME idea of the size of these turbines can be gathered from the fact that the heating surface to which the hissing oil-jets will direct their plume-white flames will be four times bigger than Trafalgar Square.

The new liner will have shopping "streets," vapour and other baths, sports fields more wonderful than have ever been put in a ship before. Life-boats made of steel, with their own Diesel-engines and Radio. Accommodation for more than 3,000 passengers.

And finally there will rise over her something that will give her a more pronounced characteristic of her own than is possessed by any other ship afloat. Her three funnels will be of different sizes, the biggest—seventy feet high—at the front. So one smoke stream will never meet another, and the ship will be all the freer from smuts and dirt in consequence.

It will be a proud day for Clydebank when she goes out on her Board of Trade tests—and for Britain as well. Sleek, majestic, the fastest thing afloat—77,000 tons of steel with the lines of a tiny, graceful yacht—she will be a Queen indeed!

"Boots? I know Boots—I'm always running messages to Boots . . ." Not that his family are always on the sick list, but simply that for all those household remedies that every family needs, Boots are constantly in demand. And when someone is really ill, and the doctor prescribes a bottle of medicine, away Peter flies to get it made up at Boots. For one thing, as his mother says, the bill is usually less than you expect . . . Next time the doctor gives *you* a prescription

**GET IT MADE UP AT** The Boots Chemists

C78—46

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Nottingham

# SINCE COUNTRY CIDER CAME TO TOWN

Woodpecker Cider sales have soared, because this wine of Hereford is just as mellow and as pure, as any wine you can secure. Five Million Gallons, bright and clear, matured in Britain every year—and 10½d. *isn't* dear.

# BULMER'S WOODPECKER CIDER

*per flagon* 10½d

*(In England & Wales only. 1/- in Scotland)*

*A glass of Bulmer's Woodpecker Cider stimulates appetite and aids digestion. Try it with your mid-day and evening meals.*

TESTED JB

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., CIDER MAKERS, HEREFORD.

W.D.S. 428a

Never neglect an inflamed condition of the eyes! It may lead to more serious trouble. EYE STRAIN, INFLAMMATION, WEAK AND WATERY EYES, ULCERS, STYES, are speedily cured by Singleton's Eye Ointment, the *oldest family remedy in the world* for all eye troubles. First made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it remains unequalled to day as the most soothing and healing eye salve.

**SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT**

THE BEST BY TEST FOR OVER 300 YEARS.

*From all Chemists, or direct at 2/9 per pot.*

FREE BOOK. To Stephen Green, Ltd., 210, Lambeth Road, London, S.E.1. Please send booklet, "How to Preserve the Eyesight."

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

TESTED JB

***Let Julysia take care of your hair!***

Dress your hair daily with Julysia and see it gain in lustre and health. Julysia fixes the hair perfectly, imparts a brilliant gloss, and contains no gum.

TESTED JB

**JULYSIA HAIR CREAM**

Get a bottle to-day from any good Hairdresser, Chemist or Store. 1/- and 1/6. Sample size 6d.

**"You're a lucky little girl to have such strong white teeth. Does your Mummy call them Ivory Castles?"**

"A stroke of genius, that Ivory Castles idea of Gibbs. Gets the children keen on teeth-cleaning when they are tiny—gives them a fine start in life. And Gibbs Dentifrice is splendid—makes the teeth and mouth perfectly clean—polishes safely even the most delicate enamel. Ideal for both children and grown-ups."

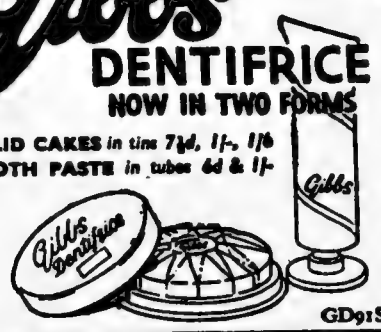
See that each member of your family regularly used Gibbs Dentifrice and watch teeth grow brighter, whiter, day after day. Change to Gibbs today.

*Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with*

**Gibbs DENTIFRICE**

**NOW IN TWO FORMS**

**SOLID CAKES** *in tins* 7½*d.* 1/-, 1/6
**TOOTH PASTE** *in tubes* 6*d* & 1/-




GD91SQ



**Good looks depend on Good Health**

Sallow Skin, dull eyes, Headaches, Coated Tongue and many other symptoms of ill health—these are the results of Constipation, Indigestion and Bilious and Liver Complaints, which quickly ruin your complexion. Dr. Scott's Brand Bilious & Liver Pills will easily and quickly rid the system of all impurities, tone up the Liver, Stomach and digestive organs, and thus restore perfect health and vitality. Dr. Scott's Brand Bilious & Liver Pills have been tried and proved for over 100 years; being of a vegetable composition they are perfectly harmless.

*Obtainable from all Chemists.*

Prepared by W. Lambert and Co., Ltd., 258, Euston Road, London, N.W.

**Avoid CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, HEADACHES, RHEUMATISM, by taking Dr. Scott's Brand Pills, 1/3 and 3/- per Box.**

**Dr Scott's Bilious & Liver Pills**

**BRAND**

*The Trade name is registered. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.*


*THE "enemy" may be just round the corner but Tommy Atkins may still drop in on the field canteen to buy buns or bananas, beer or brandy-balls.*

# Tommy Atkins' Tuckshop

## —When it Goes to WAR!

WHEN the Great War had been in progress five months, there came to Lord Kitchener a deputation of generals with an anxious request.

It was that the British armies in the field and at home should be provided with a canteen service which would enable them to enjoy some of the simple decencies and comforts of ordinary life.

"Gentlemen," replied the War Minister, as he dismissed the deputation, "this is no time for coddling. We are at war—not on a picnic."

In this manner Kitchener made the greatest mistake in his career.

The country had been gravely disturbed in the months preceding the war by revelations that bribery and corruption flourished in the canteen systems of the Services, which were then wholly in the grip of private contractors, who, in addition to practising graft, were delivering goods of poor quality at excessive prices.

In 1914 no provision had been made by the military authorities for any canteen organisation in the field, and, under the test of active service conditions, the regimental canteen system broke down completely. At home, recruits were pouring in by tens of thousands, and a host of upstart contractors were merrily enriching themselves at the expense of the new civilian army.

All that had been asked of Lord Kitchener was that he should authorise the establishment of an adequate co-operative canteen organisation within the Army which would stop the rampant discreditable plunder in the training camps and allow the men of the expeditionary forces to be supplied with things necessary to maintain their health and cheerfulness.

☆ ☆ ☆

It was not until after Lord Kitchener's death that reform began and a tremendous organisation was then born which, without the cost of a penny to the Treasury, substantially helped to win the war by preserving the morale and physique of the fighting men with a copious supply of creature comforts.

If Lord Kitchener had been alive to-day, his grim military mind would have been appalled at what has been happening in the past three weeks.

Since the beginning of this month the British Army has been in the field under war conditions, and never has war been made to look so much like a picnic.

From Scotland to Salisbury Plain the troops have been out on manœuvres, taking part in the most intensive period of field operations undertaken since the war.

And not once, except when in actual contact with the "enemy," has any soldier with a few pennies in his pocket been able to say in those three weeks that he could not immediately obtain whatever his stomach craved for—anything eatable or drinkable which he would ordinarily buy in the shops of a city. His requirements have been met everywhere and at any time—on night marches, in bivouacs, in the advanced battle areas, even at the jumping-off points for attack.

The smile of incredulity on the face of the old soldier who is told a story of this kind can be understood and pardoned. It seems fantastic, but there is no exaggeration.

For "Naffy" has been on active service too this month. "Naffy" is the name by which soldiers, sailors and airmen now know the organisation that came into existence in war-time. Magnificent though it was then, the machine to-day is incomparable in ideals and efficiency.

N.A.A.F.I.—the letters represent the full title of Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes—is the Service men's own co-operative society in these days. They are the sole shareholders and the dividends are paid to them only.

It has been comparatively easy for "Naffy," with its monopoly, power and resources, to establish what is nothing less than club life on the very best lines in barracks and on board ship.

But "Naffy" has a much greater ambition. It is that it shall be the nucleus of a service, capable of immediate expansion on mobilisation, upon which every British soldier and sailor can depend in war—be he in the Arctic circle, the torrid heat of Afghanistan, or in trenches over Europe. Not simply a service available at the bases or rest camps, but one which will function right up to the battle zone—able to provide virtually anything from a lemonade powder to a magnum of champagne, a bun to a banquet, a packet of pins to a complete equipment for an artillery officer.

☆ ☆ ☆

For three weeks "Naffy" has been trying out its strength in the field with the army. The troops have been astonished.

Everywhere they have camped during the past three weeks' war operations the soldiers have found "Naffy" among them with great canvas cantonments, comprising restaurant marquees, beer and entertainment tents.

Twenty-five tons of goods and equipment has been carried to serve every thousand men—half a hundredweight for each.

Every commodity that could possibly be needed has been on sale throughout the manœuvres—even hot suppers nightly, served from hotplates at about sixpence each and consisting of liver and bacon, fried eggs and chips, sausages and mash, or fish and chips. Moreover, a concert or other entertainment has been provided every night in every encampment by professional artists engaged by "Naffy." All this and more "Naffy" guarantees to duplicate in real warfare anywhere in the world.

What more could be done?

Well, when the troops have gone out from the war camps to bivouac before battle, "Naffy" has still been with them—serving tea and cakes, beverages of all kinds, cigarettes, tinned foods, and so on.

But the greatest surprise of all to the soldiers has been the evidence that "Naffy" is organised now to follow them almost to the front line by mobile units—lorries which travel behind every column of troops moving into battle. Each lorry is a complete canteen, and from its tailboard are sold bottled beer, non-alcoholic drinks, chocolate, and what not.

☆ ☆ ☆

"Kitty" is the nickname given to these new mobile canteens by the troops. They may not be aware that in so styling them they are perpetuating the name of the person who probably first began canteen work in the British Army. This was an Irish girl named Kit Ross, who, in Marlborough's time, followed her soldier sweetheart to Flanders, and brought up a bottle of beer to him every day. During the battle of Malplaquet, she went out as usual on her errand, only to find his body among a heap of dead.

The soldier of to-day might not thank any Kit who brought him only beer. During the manœuvres this month the consumption of beer, although plenty was available, has been less than one-third of a pint per man per day. Less than five per cent. of the soldiers drink any beer.

What they have bought from "Naffy" in the field during the past three weeks, apart from the substantial rations, include 1,640,000 cups of tea, 1,530,000 glasses of lemonade, 1,180,000 cakes and pastries, 500,000 sausages and polonies, 75,000 lb. of cooked bacon, 52,000 lb. of cheese, 50,000 lb. of fish, and 1,000 cases of oranges and apples.

Old soldiers will smile again at these facts. But they must admit that "Naffy" has earned the right to its motto: "The Servant of Those Who Serve."

## SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

GLOUCESTER CITIZEN:—"The sum of over £100 has already been raised towards the provision of choir stalls and a 'CHILDREN'S CORONER.'"

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"... their repertoire includes tangos, well-known musical comedy 'hits' and Sullivan's 'Lost CHOIR.'"

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"A BOG had run to the other side of the perambulator."

THE YORKSHIRE POST:—"BEEF made from rice is the latest alcoholic drink in Tokyo."

STRAITS ECHO:—"... when the towns of England would derive electric POWDER from dustbin refuse."

THE NOTTINGHAM GUARDIAN:—"— — was fined for supplying intoxicating liquor otherwise than during PROHIBITED hours."

THE KENTISH MERCURY:—"The boys' dinner was reduced to a cinder, their LOOKING utensils were burnt."

SUNDAY GRAPHIC:—"The number of people PLAYING at the gate was 16,026."

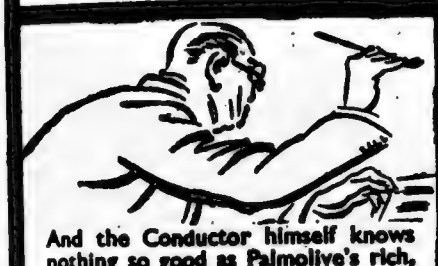
# MODERN MUSIC? YES — BUT NO DISCORDS ON SHAVING CREAM!

The Leading Violin must keep perfect time. He does — with the quick lather of Palmolive!

But the Triangle has leisure to enjoy Palmolive's long-lasting lather which never dries on the face.

The Trombone is sure of a smooth, execution of stiff passages with Palmolive's small bubble lather.

While Little Percy, the Piccolo, is grateful for Palmolive's olive oil content, kind to a sensitive skin.



And the Conductor himself knows nothing so good as Palmolive's rich, refreshing lather multiplying itself 250 times!

In fact, though they'll play almost anything you like, they've only one theme on shaving cream—Palmolive!

Many shaving creams give you one, two, or perhaps even three of these extremely desirable points. But only Palmolive, with its quick, long lasting, abundant lather, and pure olive oil content, can give you all five!

*Prices do not apply in I.F.S.*

MADE IN ENGLAND

*Use Cuticura when your skin requires scientific care*

The SOAP to cleanse and invigorate, the OINTMENT to soothe and heal. In the treatment of all skin troubles bathe freely with **Cuticura Soap** and hot water, dry gently and apply **Cuticura Ointment.** Pimples, rashes, eczema, itchings and irritations are quickly relieved and soon healed.

*Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.*

SOLD AT ALL CHEMISTS

## SKIN DISEASES

### *New Blood Treatment.*

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . . ."
(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP,
50, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, Varicose Veins, and other diseases of the skin and circulatory system.

### *Send for Free Sample!*

Elasto blood treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! while you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!*
THE NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, LTD., (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

## PILES ENDED IN A FEW DAYS

NO MESSY OINTMENTS. NO PURGATIVES. NO DRUGS. NO INJURIOUS INSTRUMENTS. Pennant Pile Cure quickly cures the most stubborn cases. Painless, harmless, natural. Send 3/3 for box of "Pennant." FREE BOOKLET on request. THE PENNANT CHEMICAL PRODUCTS CO., J.B.19, Medical Hall, Penygroes, North Wales.

## Help Kidneys

- If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching or Acidity, try the Guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) Treatment. Must cure or money back. At Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and all chemists.

# Where all men meet as equals

Duke's son or cook's son, master or man, in the inn or tavern all men are equal. For centuries this has been the place where citizens have met to exchange views and news; the very school of democracy! And where will you find a better accompaniment to your talk than a pint of beer? For you and the next man, beer *is* best!

MALT • HOPS

SUGAR • YEAST

# beer is best

44

# If YOU LOOK

**—PASTY**
**—ANÆMIC**
**—DULL-EYED**
**—WEARY and OLD BEFORE YOUR TIME**

The only way to keep Healthy and Youthful, with Clear Skin, Bright Eyes and Rosy Cheeks is to keep clean internally by taking Beecham's Pills. For three generations this famous vegetable laxative has been renowned as the world's most successful remedy for CONSTIPATION. Purely vegetable in origin, safe and certain in action. Make up your mind NOW to be well—take Beecham's Pills to-night.

Take Beecham's PILLS

Worth A Guinea A Box

## HOW TO RELIEVE THE SPASMS OF ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER.

Keep a box of Dr. Blosser's Medical Cigarettes always handy. If you smoke one of these Cigarettes when an attack begins you will find you escape the worst spasms. If you wake up wheezing and struggling for breath, the warm, soothing, healing smoke of a Dr. Blosser's will clear the choked-up airways of your respiratory system and bring you almost instant relief. And not only will you find relief from pain and discomfort, you will find that each successive attack becomes less and less violent. Bringing relief in this way gives Nature a chance to strengthen the worn-out membranes, so that Asthma and Hay Fever can no longer get a foothold.

**HOW TO PROVE IT FREE.**

If you have asthma, hay fever, or any catarrhal trouble, colds, bronchitis, etc., get a packet at any chemist's to-day, or send this form and we will send you a few of the actual Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes for you to try without expense.

**FREE PACKET**

Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121, A.G.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

Please send by post your Trial Package containing four Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes, that I may try them free of charge.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

(Print with pencil very, very plainly).

"EXTRA STRONG."—Chemists have packages of 20 Cigarettes retailing for 1/6 per packet, of an extra strong Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes for advanced cases of Asthma and of Hay Fever. This new cigarette will be found effective in cases where the paroxysms are too severe to yield to ordinary treatment.

**ALWAYS CARRY A BOX OF BLOSSER BRAND CATARRH LOZENGES.**

These tiny little Blosser Brand Catarrh Lozenges will stop a cough instantly, ease uncomfortable head colds, clear stuffed up nostrils and throat, make breathing easier. The newest and best specific for coughs, colds, and all bronchial troubles. Absolutely safe. Handy box of 48 only costs 10d. Ask your chemist to give you a sample and see how good they are.


# Audacious SHAKESPEARE Racket

SHAKESPEARE has become a racket. Many shop, hotel, restaurant and boarding-house keepers have recently cashed-in on him at Stratford-on-Avon. And the closing weeks of one more Festival Season saw a last wild scrimmage for visitors' purses.

Shakespeare's effect upon the dwellers in his birthplace has, to say the least, been remarkable.

For more than half the year they are just like the inhabitants of any other small provincial town; but in April the Stratford-on-Avon Festival Company descends upon the town and the townsmen scan the horizon for visitors.

Up go the hotel rates to an abnormal figure, the local shopkeepers lay in huge stocks of the Bard's works—suède-bound diminutive Sonnets to massive "omnibuses." The antique dealers receive daily consignments from neighbouring Birmingham; the knick-knack shops order cartloads of postcards, "views," plaster busts, and other Shakespeariana.

Woe betide the unwary visitor! Perhaps he may come from Cardiff, Leeds or London solely because he likes Shakespeare—perhaps from Hong Kong or Indianapolis because it is one of the things to be "done" whilst he is in England. Whichever it is, it will not be the fault of the Stratfordians if he goes home with any spare cash.

During the season, which this year lasted from April 16 to September 15, the hotels were crowded, the Memorial Theatre packed, and the shops handed out "Lives of Shakespeare" (with photo) as fast as they could.

On a recent visit, after trying vainly to get hotel accommodation, a passer-by took the writer into his private house—an ordinary little brick villa—and charged fifteen shillings for bed and breakfast.

A boatman demanded 17s. 6d. for three hours' hire of a punt on the Avon; a "Shakespearian lunch" (whatever that may mean) of tinned grapefruit, cold beef, and forlorn apple tart cost 10s. 6d per head.

* * *

And so on, all round the town.

I have no doubt that there are some shopkeepers and hoteliers who remain unchanged by the boon the Bard conferred on them. But I might have been unlucky.

If the shade of the great poet stalks the streets of Stratford how indignant he must be! For, back in the early sixteen hundreds, he, too, fell a victim to Stratfordian cupidity.

When Shakespeare, after achieving fame and fortune, returned to his birthplace to spend his remaining days, the residents, instead of being duly appreciative of the celebrity (for he was that, even then) in their midst, merely tried to do him down in all directions. And the last ten years of his life were spent in petty-fogging lawsuits, defending the fortune of some £50,000 with which he retired—a huge sum in those days.

Even after his death the Stratfordians did little but squabble over his property, and it was left to a few good friends of the poet to compile and issue an authentic collection of his plays—the first folio, now valued at £20,000 each—so that they should not be pirated by unscrupulous booksellers.

* * *

It was two hundred years before the dwellers by the Avon stirred themselves sufficiently even to talk about ". . . . some kind of statue." And even this niggardly suggestion was brought to nought by self-seeking factions being unable to agree where the statue should be erected!

For ten years the burghers of Stratford argued this weighty problem, and it was not until 1864 that a prominent resident, Charles Flower, offered a gift of land and a donation of £1,000, and thereby settled the argument.

Or so he thought! Actually he threw the townspeople into a state of uproar by suggesting that a theatre would be a much more fitting monument to a dramatist than a marble statue. And it was not until 1877, and until he had parted with a further £3,000, that Charles Flower had his reasonable way.

Two years later the theatre was opened, and Stratford awoke to find visitors descending on it from all parts of the globe in ever increasing numbers. Theirs not to reason why, theirs merely to cash in on these people who came eager to learn about and pay homage to a man who was little more than a name to most of them. Then, in 1926, the theatre went up in flames. Messages of sympathy poured in from all over the world; Bernard Shaw wired his congratulations—"You must be delighted," he said, referring to the out-of-dateness of the theatre.

But the townsfolk were aghast—their meal-ticket had gone! Hastily they subscribed funds to fit up the local cinema, so that the Festival could continue.

But when it came to finding the money for a new theatre—what a different tale! No less than seven-eighths of the total sum eventually raised came from America. No wonder the famous railway poster depicting a street in Stratford-on-Avon shows the Stars and Stripes flying over the Harvard Building!

*Crowded street in Stratford during the Shakespeare festival*

* * *

Seven years later the new Memorial Theatre, designed by a young Bournemouth girl architect, chosen by the Royal Institute of British Architects from entries all over the world, opened its doors amid national acclaim and speeches from the Prince of Wales.

There it now stands, attracting moneyed visitors from all corners of the world for the benefit of Stratford shopkeepers. It is a gaunt, square building in red brick. A flippant member of the Festival company annoyed the Governors very much by sending a picture postcard of it bearing a large sign: "Shakespeare's Jams Are The Best."

It has been universally praised and universally condemned; but its interior is undeniably beautiful, and its stage equipment the best in Europe. But what care the natives of Stratford! They don't go near it until the winter, when it stages modern musical comedies at reduced prices.

Then for five long summer months the three-hundred-years-old plays of the master pack this wonderful theatre—all for the benefit of those who neglect him for the rest of the year.

And all this in honour of one who has been called England's greatest genius—Will Shakespeare.

God's gift to the Stratfordian racketeers!

D. S. L.

*Race with "Silver Ring"*

# Winners *for* Windsor

THE first acceptors for the two big Autumn handicaps have knocked one of my long-shot doubles on the head, as Alcazar has been taken out of the Cambridgeshire.

I shall take another chance with Wychwood Abbot, which I considered very unlucky not to beat Alcazar in the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood.

My doubles now read:

| CESAREWITCH. | CAMBRIDGESHIRE. |
|---|---|
| Lincrusta | Wychwood Abbot |
| Hands Off | Wychwood Abbot |
| Duplicate | Rentenmark |

Careful backers, who believe in being certain of a run for their money rather than accepting the tempting odds now on offer, should note that there is a second acceptance for both events, the dates being October 9 for the Cesarewitch and October 23 for the Cambridgeshire.

The prospects of Enfield in the long-distance race have been queried by a correspondent. It is all a question of what progress he has made, but he must have a big chance.

Enfield won the Queen's Plate, over two miles, at Kempton in June, and Fox put up 1 lb. overweight, riding at 7 st. 5 lb. He did not beat much, but the race proved stamina.

On the occasion of his last outing he was meeting Windsor Lad at a difference of 11 lb., so it was not surprising he failed to shine. In the coming big race at Newmarket, Enfield has 7 st. to carry.

At Windsor this week-end, Fox Lair is my tip for the Merry Wives' Nursery. Effaceable likes the course and should be noted for the Royal Borough Handicap. I also like Salacre and Didonna for their respective races. Anaglypta is given to me as "good" for the Ayr Gold Cup.

## "SILVER RING'S" CODE

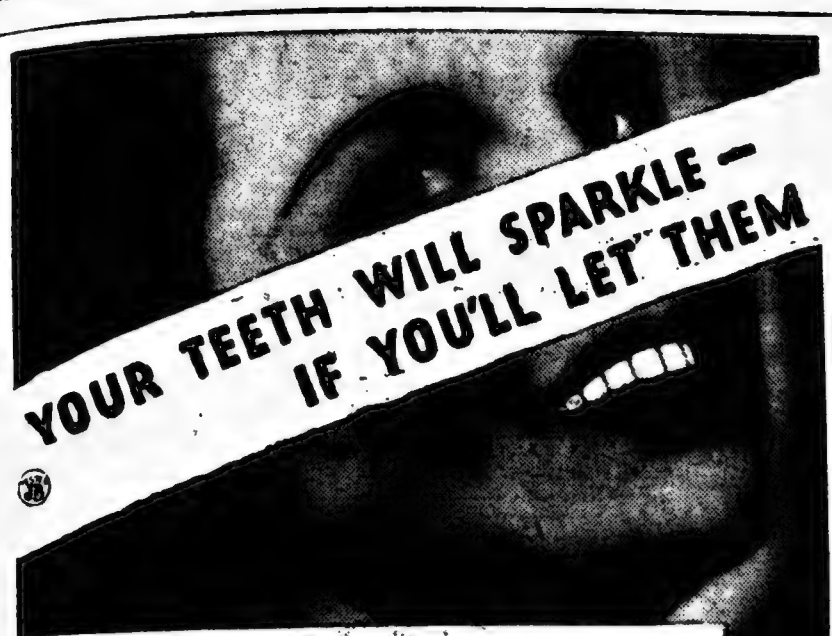
The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, September 20, to Wednesday, September 26.

F O A P U X Z Q C 93 B 94 M R 98 T
G S K V Y 97 L H J I 95 E D W N 96

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

OVKM94 would read SPADE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. O98S2A94W would read SNOOKER.




No teeth can be beautiful that are covered by Film. Run your tongue over your teeth . . . you can feel Film, a slippery coating. It is dangerous; it stains teeth and harbours germs. Film hardens into tartar.

Ordinary ways of brushing teeth fail to remove Film successfully. So dentists advise the special film-removing dentifrice, Pepsodent, which contains a special polishing material twice as soft as those in common use. It removes every trace of Film and at the same time polishes teeth to sparkling brilliance.

Get a tube from your chemist today.

SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE
Pepsodent
MADE IN ENGLAND

# FULL O'POWER
## RADIO BATTERIES

BRITISH MADE BY SIEMENS

A user writes:— Bungay, Suffolk.

*"Previous to using Full O'Power I had tried nearly every well known battery, but none of them could approach yours for power and durability."* *(signed)* W.G.

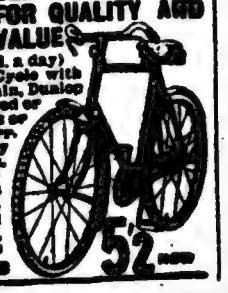
★BE SURE AND ASK YOUR DEALER FOR A SIEMENS FULL-O-POWER BATTERY

Made by SIEMENS ELECTRIC LAMPS AND SUPPLIES LIMITED, 38/39, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.4.

# B-B. BAD BREATH

How can anyone be popular or successful in business if they suffer from bad breath? Yet five out of every ten have bad breath without knowing it. Nearly always it's because your liver is out of order. You can remedy it instantly by taking one of the wonderful new Karmoid Tablets before you go to bed. They're simply marvellous for anyone suffering from Bad Breath, Biliousness, Constipation, Indigestion, Spots before the eyes, and all the troubles which come from a lazy liver. Try Karmoid Tablets to-day. Only 1/3 at all chemists, or write for free sample to— International Laboratories, 72, Smedley St., S.W.8.

# GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE




5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Lady's or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £8:8:7 or 5/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 2-Speed £9:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. 'Ladies', Gent's, Juvenile', and Tradesmen's Cycles. Tandems, Roadsters, Racers. Club Models.

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## THE AIM OF EVERY SMOKER'S 'BOWL'

TO get the utmost enjoyment from your pipe insist on **Bondman** Tobacco. **Bondman** is always smooth, cool, fragrant and mellow. Every ounce is sealed in a **Vacuum Tin** for lasting **freshness.** Open a tin of Bondman to-day, or next month—it makes no difference!... Bondman will be in the same rich matured condition as when it left the factory!

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# BONDMAN

A BLEND OF COLONIAL & VIRGINIAN TOBACCOS

10d. PER OZ.

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA

11½d. PER OZ.

## PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

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## DRINK HOT WATER TO KEEP FIT

Health experts are constantly drawing attention to the fact that much illness is due to the insufficient consumption of liquids, especially water. To keep fit everybody should drink, each morning, before breakfast, a glass of hot water, but if sufferers from rheumatism, indigestion, sluggish liver and constipation will add a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate they will not only flush the whole of the alimentary canal, but will keep down uric acid and clear away from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the indigestible waste matter, sour bile, acidity and poisonous toxins that cause ill-health and disease. All who wake with dull, aching head, have furred tongue of unpleasant taste, as well as those suffering from rheumatism, indigestion or constipation, should get some 'Limestone' Phosphate from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites or any other good chemist. A supply can be obtained for only two shillings, and if a teaspoonful is taken in a morning glass of hot water vigorous health will be quickly regained and maintained.

## NO MORE GREY HAIR

If grey hairs are beginning to show, think how old you will look when they multiply. Retain the youthful colour by applying Valentine's Extract which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, does not soil the linen. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 and 6/- per bottle; or sent direct, post free, from J.B, Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

VALENTINE'S WALNUT STAIN EXTRACT — MADE IN ENGLAND

FREE! A FIRST AID BOOKLET which should be in Every home! Fill in the coupon in the BAND-AID advt. on p. 25, or write mentioning *John Bull* to Johnson and Johnson (Gt. Britain), Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

THE HALL MARK OF SECURITY

THE BIG TWO 'CHALLENGER' FOOTBALL FIXED PRICE LISTS FIXED PRICE

£1,000 FOR 12 RESULTS

Every Client is given an entry every week in this Big Money Competition.

Secure Long Odds now for the CESAREWITCH & CAMBRIDGESHIRE

One Shilling up to any Amount may be invested by Letter in accordance with Rules. Daily Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race WILL BE ON at FULL STARTING PRICE (or Totalisator Odds if desired).

Registered Letters must be posted overnight. Commissions accepted for all meetings licensed by the N.G.R.C.

Please send Football Lists and Long Odds Future Events Price Lists. I am over 21 years of age.

Name.....

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Town .....

County ..... J.B.

DAVID COPE (Late Alfred H. Maurice) 277, BATH STREET, GLASGOW C.2


# My Best Shillingsworth

HE thinks nothing of it—that man behind the P.O. grille: it's all in his day's work.

Eight stamps and each one takes a letter across the ocean: thousands risk their lives by night and day that it should reach its destination

Mentally, I see eyes of far-away friends glisten as they view the Homeland in the King's head. I lift my hat to the G.P.O., which cements old friendships, makes new ones—a modern Colossus bestriding the world, setting the whole forces of civilisation into movement eight times for my humble shilling. —*R., Co. Durham.*

### Satisfaction

"I can't see to read my Bible now. I wonder if you could get me one with bigger print," said an old friend.

Enquiries elicited that family Bibles can be had from almost every second-hand book or furniture shop—in one I was offered six for six shillings.

It's sad to think the old Bibles, complete with family history of births and deaths, are no longer treasured, but the retrieving of one book, and the light of gratitude in an old woman's eyes gave me double satisfaction for the shilling I spent.—*Miss A., Nottingham.*

### All's Well Again

Although I had been feeling unwell for some time, I could not afford to see a specialist. Then a friend advised me to attend the out-patients' department of a London hospital, and at last I did so.

I explained my circumstances to the Almoner, who told me not to worry, and asked me if I could afford a shilling.

A careful medical examination followed, revealing the necessity for an operation, which was promptly and successfully performed.—*G. N., Southall.*

### Inspiration Restored

He was a penniless artist who had been forced to sell his possessions, one by one, till only his painting outfit was left. Now, tired, miserable and hungry, he had decided that life wasn't worth living.

Although short of money myself, I saw to it that he had a good meal and a night's lodging.

Next morning I discovered him by the river-bank painting the sunrise; the rest and the food had restored his inspiration. The picture won him recognition and set him on the road to prosperity.—*J. C., Manchester.*

### Tranquillity

The incessant clicking of typewriters, the jangling of telephones, the chief shouting orders, and all the din of a newspaper office.

After that the roar and smell of modern traffic, and the radio shrieking upon reaching home; no wonder one feels jaded after a week of that.

But there's a respite. A shilling return on the 'bus takes me away to the hills and vales, where I revel in the tranquillity of a friend's farm for the week-end. Never was a "bob" better spent, for Monday sees me quite refreshed and ready to start the week once more.—*G. L. A., Glasgow.*

### Double Gain

Buying a licence for one shilling entitled me to spend my leisure time fishing anywhere in the Trent waters, for one year.

The beneficial effect the quiet open-air life had on my health, plus the fine sport derived, certainly proved to be my best shillingsworth.—"*Office Worker,*" *Warwickshire.*

### Reaction

I am passionately fond of dogs, and the shilling I spent on a "Drink, Puppy, Drink" basin to place at the door of my inn has repaid me again and again in the delight I get in watching my four-footed friends avail themselves of it.

The expenditure, however, seems to benefit me in a direction I never dreamt of. For many customers remark that they suddenly became thirsty when they saw their dog drinking.—"*Innkeeper,*" *York.*

### Re-living the Past

I consider that my best shillingsworth is a roll of films for my camera. With this I am able to defeat "Old Man Time" by recording incidents with my camera which I can relive during the long winter evenings.

With just sufficient skill to develop my own efforts, I also join the ranks of those who have a worthwhile hobby—all for that occasional shilling! —*D. R., Cardiff.*

### Not "Caught"

I was "up fra' the country," and the ragged stranger who approached me on the busy railway station appeared to recognise that fact. He offered to sell me a gold wedding-ring for a shilling; he spoke of hard times. The next moment he had departed with my coin, and I retained the ring.

My city friends laughed heartily when I recounted my experience, and even offered to escort me to a jeweller to prove how I had been "caught"—an offer I very timidly accepted.

I left that shop with a tested gold ring and some very dumfounded friends.—*J. T., Handsworth.*

### A Real Meal

After a long walk into the country, I halt at a wayside inn and call for a tankard of foaming ale, a plate of bread, cheese and pickles. The walk has fed me, and my appetite is sharpened.

My humble meal costs but a "bob"; I enjoy it with a greater relish than any full-course dinner at an hotel. It is the best shillingsworth I know.—"*Rambler,*" *Tottenham.*

### Romance

Lonely and friendless in a strange town where I had but recently settled, I went to a kinema on a Saturday evening.

A strong drama made my eyes water, and when the lights went up I noticed a girl sitting next to me who also had moistened eyes. We looked at each other, then laughed at our foolishness.

From that episode sprung a friendship which quickly ripened into love. Soon we are to be married, all thanks to that "bob's"-worth at a kinema.—*R. W., Gloucester.*

* * *

My best-spent shilling was the one I paid for admission to a kinema to see a war picture—and was converted to Pacifism.—*S. D., E.1.*

Only a cheap petrol-lighter, but the "bob" it cost has been well repaid in domestic bliss and tranquillity. For that accusing cry, "Have you had my matches again?" rings out no more as I placidly light my pipe.—*C. B., Birmingham.*

It accompanies me all the week, but gradually dwindles, although I am always careful with it to make it last until Friday night. It's my weekly tobacco allowance—a grand shillingsworth.—*H. W., Preston.*

I didn't want him, and said so; but "Give us a bob and he's yours," from the man, and a wistful look from the puppy decided the matter. That shilling investment has yielded ample dividends of love and devotion.—*T. L., Kent.*

# FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

## By our Expert—for Matches Played on September 22

**FIRST DIVISION.**

(1) SUNDERLAND v. Derby.
(2) W.B. Albion v. Portsmouth.
(3) BIRMINGHAM v. Blackburn.
(4) Leicester v. MANCHESTER C.
**(5) EVERTON v. Huddersfield.
(6) Grimsby v. Wolverhampton.
(7) LEEDS v. Liverpool
**(8) PRESTON v. Chelsea.
(9) Wednesday v. ARSENAL.
(10) STOKE v. Middlesbrough.
(11) HOTSPUR v. Aston Villa.

**SECOND DIVISION.**

(1) SWANSEA v. Port Vale.
(2) Plymouth v. Newcastle.
(3) SOUTHAMPTON v. Notts.
**(4) BOLTON v. Bradford City.
(5) FULHAM v. Blackpool.
(6) BRADFORD v. West Ham.
*(7) BRENTFORD v. Bury.
(8) BURNLEY v. Barnsley.
(9) Manchester U. v. NORWICH.
**(10) FOREST v. Hull
(11) Oldham v. Sheffield U.

**SOUTHERN SECTION.**

(1) SOUTHEND v. C. Palace.
(2) BRISTOL ROVERS v. Charlton.
*(3) ALDERSHOT v. Northampton.
(4) CARDIFF v. Swindon.
(5) ORIENT v. Newport.
(6) BRIGHTON v. Torquay.
*(7) COVENTRY v. Exeter.
(8) Gillingham v. Watford.
(9) LUTON v. Q.P. Rangers.
(10) MILLWALL v. Bristol City.
*(11) READING v. Boscombe.

**NORTHERN SECTION.**

**(1) ROTHERHAM v. Rochdale.
(2) DARLINGTON v. Doncaster.
(3) STOCKPORT v. Mansfield.
(4) Accrington v. Hartlepools.
(5) CHESTERFIELD v. Barrow.
(6) GATESHEAD v. Crewe.
(7) Halifax v. Lincoln.
(8) N. Brighton v. CHESTER.
*(9) WALSALL v. Carlisle.
(10) Wrexham v. Tranmere.
*(11) YORK v. Southport.

**SCOTTISH LEAGUE.**

(1) St. Mirren v. RANGERS.
(2) HIBERNIAN v. Queen of South.
**(3) MOTHERWELL v. Kilmarnock.
(4) AIRDRIE v. Clyde.
(5) Ayr United v. Queen's Park.
(6) Dunfermline v. Albion R.
(7) Celtic v. Aberdeen.
(8) DUNDEE v. Hamilton.
(9) Falkirk v. ST. JOHNSTONE.
(10) Partick v. HEARTS.

**SPECIAL STAR CODE.**

Example Code.—Div. I.—8 (*H*); Div. II.—10 (*H*): Southern Section—7 (*H*); Northern Section—1 (*H*); Scottish League—9 (*A*), would indicate Preston, Forest, Coventry, Rotherham and St. Johnstone

### SPECIAL STAR CODE

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

On Mondays the *Sporting Life* publishes a list of the dividends declared by the prominent Football Pool firms, enabling you to start the week knowing exactly how you stand. There are forecasts for the following Saturday's games, too.

And every Thursday comes an invaluable aid for punters—the great *Sporting Life* Pool Chart, giving at a glance in handy tabloid form matches played, results, points, form and the predictions of experts.

A specimen of this wonderful chart awaits you. Write for your copy to *Sporting Life* (Dept. J.B.), 68, Long Acre, W.C.2.

## OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, September 25.

**Happiest Decision I Ever Made**

# AGENTS WANTED

Here's YOUR CHANCE to earn POUNDS in your spare time—REGULARLY. Become an agent for the Witney Warehouse Club. There's no capital required; no selling to be done; no samples to carry! Just introduce your friends, workmates and neighbours to the Club. They save 5/- or more in the pound on *all* personal and household necessities because they buy by small weekly payments DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURER. You stand to earn POUNDS in commission and profit on the orders you obtain. Why miss this wonderful opportunity to earn POUNDS in ACTUAL CASH REGULARLY IN YOUR SPARE TIME? Send TO-DAY for full particulars. It will incur no obligation.

YOU CAN RELY ON WITNEY—A HOUSEHOLD WORD FOR 50 YEARS!

THE Quality CLUB

Please send me FREE and without obligation your profusely illustrated Booklet and full particulars of your Club plan showing how I can earn money in my spare time.

NAME.....
(IN BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS.....
(IN BLOCK LETTERS)

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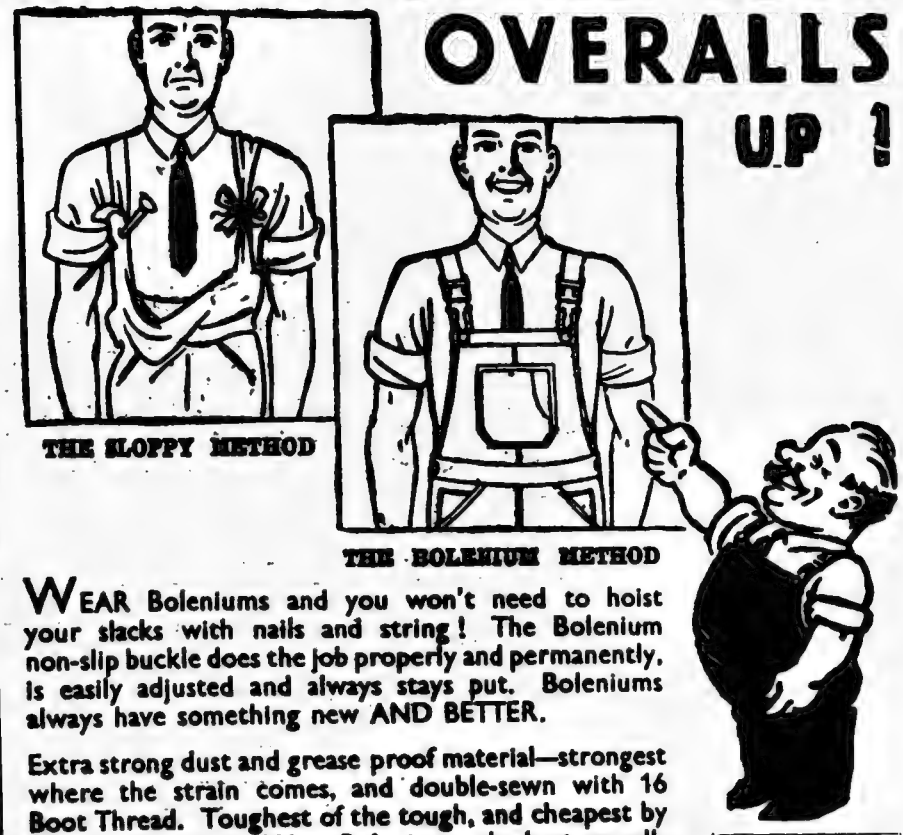
Send in unsealed envelope. ½d stamp only required

TO THE WITNEY WAREHOUSE CLUB



# HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR OVERALLS UP ?



THE SLOPPY METHOD

THE BOLENIUM METHOD

WEAR Boleniums and you won't need to hoist your slacks with nails and string! The Bolenium non-slip buckle does the job properly and permanently, is easily adjusted and always stays put. Boleniums always have something new AND BETTER.

Extra strong dust and grease proof material—strongest where the strain comes, and double-sewn with 16 Boot Thread. Toughest of the tough, and cheapest by far in the long run. Wear Boleniums, the best overalls money can buy—British made by the overall pioneers.

"SATISFIED? YOU'VE SEEN IT" SAYS COLLEGIAN BILL

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OVERALLS OF EVERY KIND

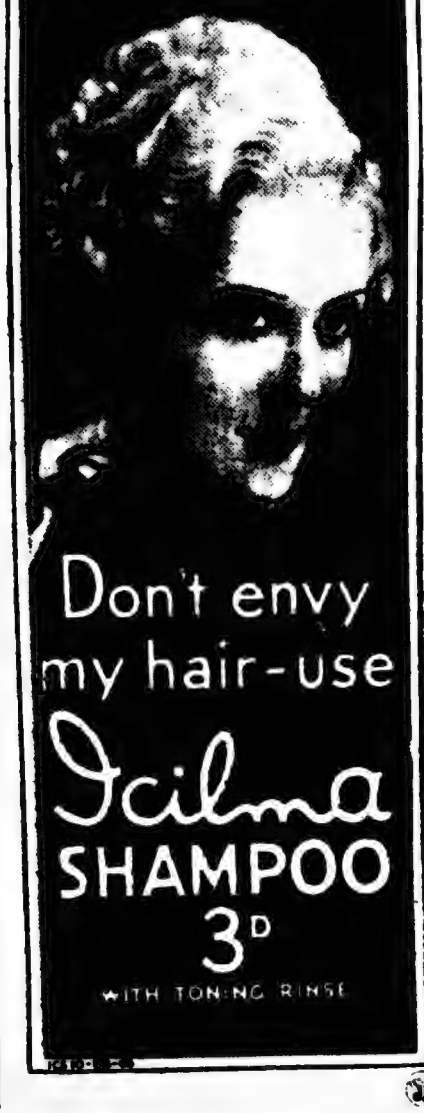
Worn by the man who knows!

ASK YOUR OUTFITTER or write for name of nearest stockist

To BOLENIUM OVERALLS (Dept. 1), Upton Pk. LONDON, E.13



*Gloria Stuart, star of Universal's picture, "The Invisible Man"*



Don't envy my hair-use

Icilma SHAMPOO

3D

WITH TONING RINSE

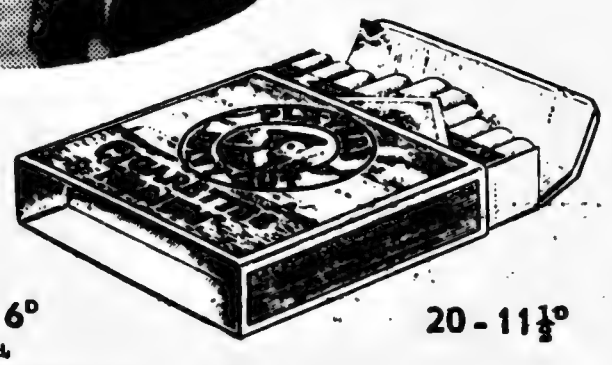


WHATEVER THE PLEASURE

# PLAYER'S

COMPLETE IT

Round the Fair we wander, amongst the maelstrom of colour and noise, finding a quaint pleasure in this minor pageant of life. And as we wander and watch—we smoke and Player's complete our pleasure.




PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED 5-3D 10-6D 20-11½D

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

# Win "JOHN BULL'S" X-WORD MONSTER!

# £30 MONTHLY FOR LIFE and £1,500

## OR ONE COLOSSAL LUMP SUM OF £3,500 CASH

## HUGE PRIZE for Runners-up £500

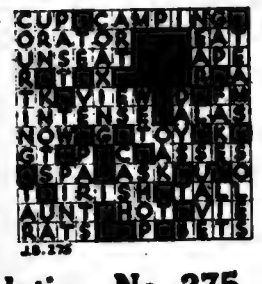
277

ALREADY there are seventeen successful competitors receiving a Crossword Pension Cheque from Long Acre each Saturday. Now "John Bull" seeks another competitor for a huge Life Income and a Giant Cheque! The Monster Autumn Offer launched to-day enables you to secure, for solving an amusing puzzle by the most famous of Crossword Compilers, an unprecedented Pension Prize of £30 monthly as long as you live. And to celebrate the first payment of this splendid income for life, "John Bull" will set the seal on your independence by adding a fortune of £1,500 cash!

Should you prefer a single lump sum rather than this colossal Pension-plus-Fortune prize, the staggering amount of £3,500 will be your reward for an hour with the entertaining problem prepared for this outstanding contest.

For those who just miss this mighty First, "John Bull" has arranged an enormous Runners-up Award of £500, thus completing a total of prize-money without parallel in Crossword Offers of to-day.

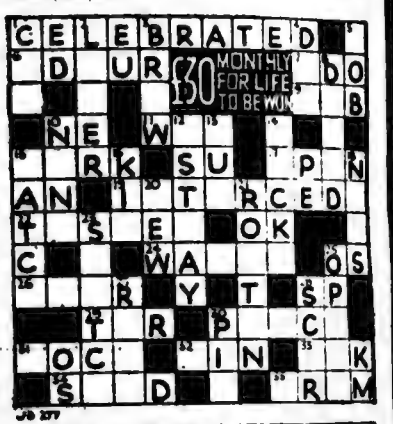
"JOHN BULL" will pay a Life Pension of £30 a month and £1,500 (or a lump sum of £3,500) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £500 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle and winner will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 18.



JB 276

**KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.**

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solution.



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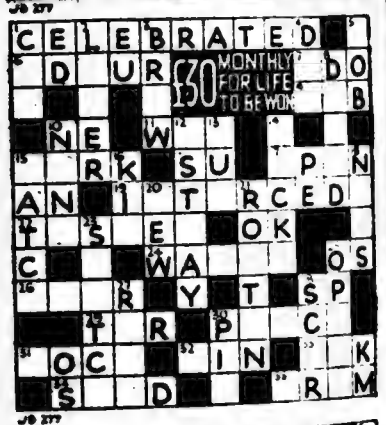

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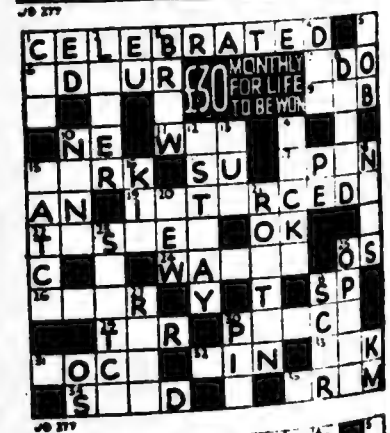

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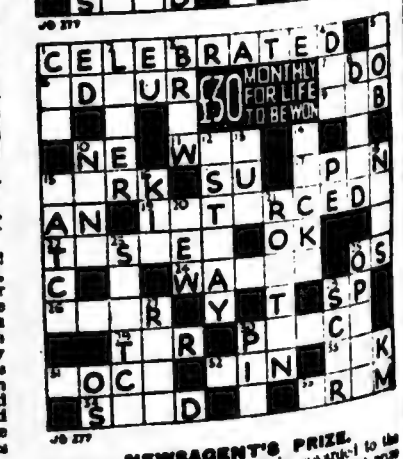


JB 277

## USE SQUARES BELOW—EXTRA FORMS POST FREE

See note at foot.

### "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 277—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 4, 1934



JB 277



JB 277

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

**ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.**

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

### "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 277—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 4, 1934



JB 277



JB 277

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

**ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-**

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

**ENTRY FEE**

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra entries at same rate. See Rule 1.

**EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE**

Further squares will appear in next week's "John Bull." For extra squares send PENNY p.c. to *Crossword Gazette* Dept., 30, Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2, stating number of 6d. entry forms required.

**ADDRESS ENTRY**

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 277, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

**NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED**

## X-Word Solution, No. 275.

Winners in 274 on page 27. Result of 275 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 275 is given above as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

### STUDY THESE CLUES

**ACROSS**

1. Famed
6. Smell
7. "Much —— about nothing"
9. Small flat fish
11. Roll of notes
15. Helps to keep one's head above water
17. Not shut
19. Plead for
22. One who tests things
24. Are commonly made light of
26. Coming of age makes a difference to
29. Is sprayed on roads
30. What coppers mean to us
31. Flow of water may be regulated by
32. Is of special importance to professional player
33. Noah built one
34. Is useful to store garden tools
35. Beware of this if pavement's narrow

**DOWN**

1. Should be good judge of speed
2. Foolishness makes his bank balance go
3. Father often mops this
4. Sonny's name for father
5. What lad gets on joining Army
8. Being this may make you do something foolish
10. What Mother Hubbard's dog got
12. Off the right path
13. Pay your bills when they're this
14. Old lag is probably familiar with
15. Conjuror's audience watches this closely.
16. Soldier's is frequently inspected
18. Should be kept clear of damaging points
20. Freshly baked bread is this
21. Such fruit is useless
23. Is often effective if used in time
25. Wagner was a writer of
27. Tool gardener uses
28. Mark left by a wound
30. May help with rent

**READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS**

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. / ; write name, address, and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, October 4, 1934.**

2.—Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, October 18.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post on Tuesday, **October 30, 1934,** in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £500 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should First Prize be shared £3,500 will be paid instead of dividing pension.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter the Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

**NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.**

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

**Free Help for X-Word Entrants**

Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" *Crossword Gazette*. Address: Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 13 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

# THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

G. N. (Heston).—"I have produced food from wood." Chips?

INNKEEPER (Chester).—"What do you think is my favourite bird?" The swallow.

W. C. (Bedford).—"He isn't a bad sort, although he has several vices." A carpenter?

A. K. T. (Newquay).—"During the last twenty years I have knocked round quite a bit." Golf?

W. E. S. (Wigan).—"A masseur must be tactful." And not rub people the wrong way.

MORALIST (Preston).—"Bathing suits will have to be longer." To be bathing suits any longer.

R. A. (Frome).—"I am bothered by mosquitoes. What can I do for them?" Do for them.

MARTHA J. (Bridgnorth).—"Where are the nursery rhymes to-day?" Where are the nurseries?

R. S. (Winchester).—"If you wait long and patiently enough something is bound to turn up." Yes, of course, if only your toes.

G. W. (Lanark).—"I intend to dress up as a seal at our dance next week, though I haven't bought my costume yet." You'll have to look slippy.

MRS. A. (Bromley).—"Several superstitions are attached to pins." For instance, if a man sits on a bent one, he will shortly rise in the world.

* * *

J. S. (Belfast).—*"I once possessed a splendid dog. He could always distinguish between a vagabond and a respectable person. But alas!..." He bit you?*

* * *

GEORGE (Kilmarnock).—"After enjoying a perfect holiday, it is rather painful to put the nose to the grindstone again." Especially if the poor thing is sunburnt.

LANDLORD (Manchester).—"For a time my tenants were complaining about plaster falling, but they have stopped complaining now." Perhaps it is all down.

P. F. (Fareham).—"While arguing with my wife about hanging the pictures she dropped a hammer on my toes." A crushing rejoinder.

N. N. (Dover).—"A criminal who surrendered to the police recently was described as 'an absolute riddle.'" So he gave himself up.

SCHOOLMASTER (Sheffield).—"Fathers should toughen their boys." A favourite method is to submit them to a leathering process.

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"I confess that I find it hard to draw blood." You must have a far better make of safety-razor than we have.

CONJURER (Tooting).—"The rabbit-out-of-a-hat trick isn't much value these days." But it would be if you were starving.

FIFTY (Launceston).—"As I'm getting older, I realise that youth must be served." But they also believe in helping themselves.

JACK (Worksop).—"You'll never find that steeplejacks leave much money when they die." Yet they rise to great heights during their lifetime.

* * *

*Gulled (Smethwick).—"The advertisement said that the boarding-house was only one minute from the sea." At what speed?*

* * *

G. L. (Sittingbourne).—"A Kent farmer picked an apple weighing 1 lb. 2 oz." This was wise, as the fruit might have dropped and stunned an innocent small boy who happened to stray into the orchard to meditate on the beauties of nature.

G. V. (Sutton).—"There were 88 flag day collections in Greater London during May and June of this year." In this period many citizens discovered fascinating and little-used byways connecting their residences to the railway station.

G. T. (Falkirk).—"In Victorian days maidens had silhouettes of their sweethearts painted on their finger-nails. What would the modern girl do if this fashion were revived?" Bring her toes into service.

FARMER (Aldenham).—"Will it cost much to have a 'Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted' board painted?" No, but if you put one of your bulls in the field in question such a board won't be necessary.

*C. A. (Chipping Norton).—"The conductor of a jazz band has to act." Yes. The goat.*

## The KID

S. D. (Brixton).—"Change brightens one up." Not if it is wrong change.

UP-TO-DATE (Grimsby).—"I should like to be cremated." Go right ahead. The scheme has our wholehearted approval.

TAILOR (Manchester).—"A man doing my job should be soothing and tactful." And yet give his customers fits.

INTERESTED (Biggar).—"Scientists tell us that elastic gets tired. But how do they know?" They've seen it stretch.

FARMER (Devon).—"What this country needs is a great campaign with 'Back to the Land' as a slogan." Open-air wrestling?

F. M. (Poole).—"My poor old uncle has lost his memory and is under the impression that he is an actor." There are many sad cases like that in West-End theatres.

B. R. (Wandsworth).—"Where did the pigtail originate?" On the pig, probably.

H. M. (Aylesford).—"Plucking poultry is hard work." It gets you down.

R. M. (Kingston).—"The upkeep of a punt dampens one's ardour for boating." Not so much as the turn-over.

W. J. (Glasgow).—"Two pheasants were shot in a showground last week." They were, of course, fair game.

WRITER (Leeds).—"The editor printed my article on fresh milk, but what do you think he did?" Condensed it?

CLERGYMAN (London).—"Everybody's goal is different." In fact, it's pretty sure to be offside to some of the crowd.

ATHLETE (Herne Hill).—"I have now won the walking race three times running." No wonder.

GEORGE (Parkstone).—"I never take anything to eat when I go for a day's fishing." Yet you long for a bite.

G. K. (Cheapside).—"I open my watch-repair shop exactly at eight every morning." You get to work on time.

* * *

*Mrs. W. (Dunfermline).—"We had no trouble naming our baby daughter." Have you only the one rich aunt?*

* * *

ETHEL (Penzance).—"Many a girl has regretted ever entering a beauty contest." Of course. There can only be one winner.

R. P. (Hitchin).—"My bedclothes were set on fire during a severe thunderstorm." It must have been sheet lightning.

FATHER (Dewsbury).—"Ask the boy of to-day who won the Great War, and what will be his reply?" Probably—Australia.

T. N. (Heston).—"I have just bought a disused coal mine for £35." Have you room for our old razor-blades, too?

TRAMP (Headingley).—"Have you ever slept on hay?" No, but we'd be tickled to death if we did.

R. E. (Fulham).—"A shoemaker recently charged with bigamy told the judge he much preferred his second wife." Sticking to his last.

N. R. (Spilsby).—"A pump operating at a certain resort sucks up several tons of sea water a minute." Even the veriest swimming novice would find it hard to approach this figure.

R. M. (Glasgow).—"Shakespeare never told the same story twice." There's nothing unusual in that. Plenty of police court witnesses have the same record.

BOXER (Whitechapel).—"There is only one thing which would prevent me from becoming world's champion." The present one, no doubt.

G. S. (Selly Oak).—"She is ugly, bad-tempered, uneducated and lazy, but I am going to marry her Can you guess why?" Because she has no relatives.

* * *

*Interested (Wycombe).—"I read recently that a Continental judge had sold his memoirs for £10,000." Yes, it's wonderful what a man can do when he tries.*

* * *

T. L. (Wembley).—"As I ran towards the goal the spectators shouted with one accord 'Shoot, Tommy!'" But we hope none of them actually produced a gun.

BUSMAN (Merton).—"An inspector congratulated me recently on the quick way in which I collected the fares." It sounds as if you're a lightning conductor.

FAIR SEX (Chichester).—"There are few things a woman cannot do as successfully as a man." Yet in a battle of tongues she finds it hard to hold her own.

TOURIST (London, W.).—"Some of the old English inn names are very mystifying and misleading." The "Jolly Farmer," for instance.

G. S. C. (Rotherham).—"I'm getting married next month and furnishing is a problem." May we furnish you with a fine £21 Radio Gramophone? There are 25 such prizes, with cheques ranging up to £600, waiting on page 39.

VOCALIST (Ripon).—"For fully a minute after I had finished singing the crowded audience failed to applaud." At the end of which time they realised what you were waiting for.

W. S. (Dundee).—"An American racehorse owner who has had all his thoroughbreds stolen is said to be frantic with grief." We know what it is to lose a stud.

*IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.*

*(Many replies unavoidably held over)*


## SUFFERED INDIGESTION FOR YEARS

**NOW EATS AND ENJOYS ANYTHING**

YOU can eat what you like when you like—without suffering if you follow the advice of Mr. G. Neaves, of Maidstone, Kent. Read his amazing letter:

"I suffered for years with indigestion—scared to eat any pastries or cakes, etc. I bought a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia and really I've been a different man. I just had to write—I feel so fit now."

'Bisurated' Magnesia will bring relief to any stomach sufferer in a few minutes, because it contains special ingredients which recent medical research and X-ray experiments prove to be the quickest and most effective. If you are troubled with indigestion, gastritis, wind or other stomach trouble, be certain to ask your chemist for 'Bisurated' Magnesia; this is the only way you can be sure of quick and lasting relief! Every chemist stocks 'Bisurated' Magnesia at 1/3, or 3/- for the large, more economical size. Your first dose will prove that you can banish your stomach trouble in a few minutes.

# PILES RELIEVED INSTANTLY

. . . . *"I was advised to try 'Nemolin' and I can truthfully say that I got instant relief and have never again had the least bit of the awful irritation I suffered before." J.O., Burley in Wharfedale.*

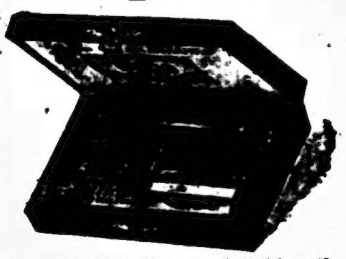
Packed in handy and hygienic tube, 'Nemolin' Pile Ointment is always sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price 3/- of all chemsts.


"John Bull" Bargains and Small Ads. appear on pages 2, 3 and 16.


YOU can pay more but you cannot buy better than the Stead Wallet of 7 blades for 6d. Weeks of comfortable, clean shaves in every wallet. Buy a Stead Wallet on the way home to-day.

**STEAD**
RAZOR BLADES

**The New STEAD Safety Razor**



New style Bakelite guard and handle, Chromium plated cap, in velvet lined case, containing 7 perfect blades.

Price **2/6** complete.

A similar Razor, with Nickel Plated Cap and one Stead blade, in neat carton. Know the meaning of shaving comfort. Get one to-day. 1/-

J. STEAD & CO., LTD., Manor Works, Sheffield, 2.

# GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

**Make sure of the best by having THE GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE Battery-driven self-contained Set. It is a triumph of Radio skill and enterprise, and gives you countless hours of pleasurable entertainment.**

Every component the best of its class. Steel Chassis, British Valves, Illuminated Tuning Dial. Figured Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 9in. IT HAS A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT using IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS, AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN. H.T. Battery Accumulator & Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid £6.16.0 or 8/- monthly. Fullest Approval. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

8/- NOW

*Mr. C. W. C. of Eastbourne, writes:—'What I think of your Set is more than words can describe. Within 15 minutes of unpacking it, I had an experience of reception I have never heard before on a 3-valve battery set. It does your firm credit; its performance, tone and appearance are beyond all I have seen. Station after station I have tuned in, each in full volume and clarity.'*

*Mr. M. A. P. of Bickley, writes:—'About 6½ years ago I had a Wireless from you and it is still going strong, and has not cost me a penny for new parts. All the components are the same.'*

**GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE SET FOR A.C. MAINS** fitted with finest components, including Iron-cored Radio Frequency Coils, latest pattern Moving Coil Loud Speaker. Beautifully Figured Walnut Cabinet. Complete in all respects, Carriage Paid £9:0:0 or 12/- monthly NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of these and other self-contained Radio Sets of latest design for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Het Sets, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

# DON'T MASK YOUR SKIN BLEMISHES

Creams may fill up enlarged pores, and powder cover up pimples, spots, eruptions, etc., but nothing can equal the charm of a naturally spotless complexion. Don't put a mask over your blemishes; cleanse the disfigured skin with D.D.D. Brand Prescription, a sure cure for all skin troubles. Apply this soothing liquid and the skin is quickly cleared of blemishes and eruptions, and the old tissues are replaced by the faultless complexion you have always longed to have. Buy a 1/3 bottle of D.D.D. Prescription to-day—of all Chemists.

FREE.—Send a postcard to-day for a liberal free trial bottle. D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N.22, FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.

**D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION FOR SKIN HEALTH**

# CAN MEN AND WOMEN LIVE TO 150?

Has science discovered the lost secret of Methuselah? An Oriental herb which stimulates the ductless glands and positively brings new vigour, new life, new strength, which ends depression, anæmia, melancholia, neurasthenia, sleeplessness and loss of power. Write for amazing free booklet, to International Laboratories, 155, Smedley St., S.W.8.

# KB 'NEW PUP'

SEE PAGE 12.

PURE BEER FOR 1D PER PINT ALE or STOUT—Splendid taste and food. Easily made at home FROM VIGGORMALT PURE TRIPLE-STRENGTH EXTRACT OF RICH MALT & HOPS ONLY

Simply add cold water. Free yeast with each tin. Trial size, 1/- tin. 3 Times Quantity 2/6. Post Free U.K. only. State whether for Ale or Stout when ordering. Get your Viggormalt from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International, Co-ops., Parkes, or any Store, Chemist, or Grocer; or send P.O. or Stamps to Viggormalt Ltd. (Dept. D), Denbigh Road, Hove, Sussex.

# CRITICALLY ILL WITH DUODENAL ULCER.

If you are a martyr to *any* form of Indigestion or Stomach Trouble, here is comforting news for you: you need only follow the example of Mr. F. G. S., of Elliott Road, Fenton, to obtain complete relief. Here is his letter:

"Twelve months ago I was admitted to hospital in a ***critical condition*** having suffered three very ***severe*** internal haemorrhages. After 5 X-Rays my case was diagnosed as Acute Duodenal Ulcer. My weight was 8st. 1 lb. and I was recommended by the specialist to the Maclean formula. Following his advice, I have practised same ever since and through the continued use of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, I am to-day—12 months afterwards—in the pink of condition and back to my normal weight—10st. 4lbs. Thus even in such a serious case as mine, continued treatment performs miracles."

In view of the thousands of cases like this, why does anybody go on suffering from indigestion or stomach trouble without giving a trial to this marvellous Maclean Brand Stomach Powder?

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

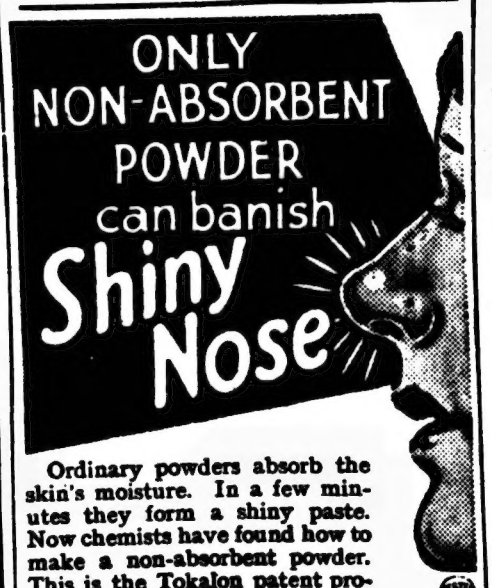
# PILES

## NEGLECTED, MAY LEAD TO SERIOUS OPERATION

Many people suffer in silence untold agonies, constant brain-wearying irritation and pain caused by piles, simply because they have never discussed this trouble with even such a confidant as their chemist. If you are a sufferer, make up your mind to ask your chemist about the wonderful preparation Man Zan. This clean, simple-to-use remedy is just marvellous in the quick way it stops the maddening irritation, allays inflammation and, persevered with, banishes the most serious form of this agonising trouble.

Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy is no ordinary ointment, but a special preparation solely for those with pile trouble. It is prepared in a special nozzle applicator tube, making it simple and clean to use. Sold by chemists everywhere, price 3/-.

# ManZan BRAND PILE REMEDY




Ordinary powders absorb the skin's moisture. In a few minutes they form a shiny paste. Now chemists have found how to make a non-absorbent powder. This is the Tokalon patent process. That is why Poudre Tokalon gives a rose-petal smoothness which lasts all day even in wind and rain. One application prevents any trace of shine all during a long evening's dancing in the hottest room.

Let the flattering 'Dull Finish' of Poudre Tokalon give you a lasting loveliness—say goodbye to ugly shine for ever. Get a box of Poudre Tokalon to-day. 6d. and 1/- a box.

"I'M proud of my independence!" says the shoemaker whom you see here at work in the shop he has opened at 271, Upper Brook Street, Manchester.

He is Mr. F. Senior—and behind that sign outside his shop, "The Senior Shoe Repair Service," there is a story.

It was not with hammer and last that Mr. Senior won his way to a business of his own. When not busy stitching leather, Mr. Senior occupied his time with fitting together the few simple words that make a *Bullet*.

His reward came in our 606th Contest, when Mr. Senior headed the prize-list with the thoughtful and still topical *Bullet*, WHAT IS TRADE?—"STAGNANT" BECAUSE WORLD'S "SEETHING."

To-day Mr. Senior looks back with satisfaction to the day when JOHN BULL'S telegram brought news of his big success.

"I was living then at 121, Tunstall Lane, Pemberton, Wigan," he reminds JOHN BULL. "Your First Prize telegram arrived on the eve of my annual week's holiday.

"It would take too long," he goes on, "to relate the events of that thrilling week in detail. But apart from the excitement of JOHN BULL'S cheque arriving on the Thursday, nothing was pleasanter than returning to receive the congratulations of good friends and relations.

"Above all," Mr. Senior continues, "we valued the realisation that at last we had something substantial at our backs. The education of our children was safeguarded and the strain of business worries eased.

"I am a keener 'Bulleteer' to-day than I ever was," Mr. Senior tells us. "I never miss a contest and have had many hours of real enjoyment out of my favourite hobby.

"As a mental tonic and relaxation, making *Bullets* has no equal," he declares. "With them you can fill the odd half-hours in a busy life, with the prospect of filling your pockets into the bargain. Under the skilled guidance of *Bullets Bulletin* one can scarcely go wrong.

"Select your favourite *Example* and then juggle with words till they sort themselves out into a *Bullet*" is his advice to would-be winners. "Then you may well be soon experiencing the joy of jingling some welcome cash!

• • •

Whatever your age or circumstances, there is bound to be some good purpose to which you can put the £600 fortune which heads to-day's fine one-week offer.

As a lasting memento of success in this week's Contest, the First Prize-winner will also receive a magnificent £21 "Ultra" Radio Gramophone. And one of these superb instruments will accompany each of the next 24 chief cash prizes.

Remember—what Mr. Senior has done is no more than you can do. So put your very best into the *Bullets* you enter by Saturday, September 29.

## MONSTER BIRTHDAY OFFER COMING

In our coming 937th Contest, *Bullets* Monster 22nd Birthday Offer will be headed by a colossal First Prize of £50 Monthly for Life—or £5,000 cash!

## *You Need this free Weekly Aid*

"IT seems to tell you everything except the actual words to put on your coupons," says a bank clerk, speaking of the paper to which he owes his £25 success. Its name is *Bullets Bulletin*.

This winner is Mr. C. V. Cleaton, 20, Bath Street, Rugby, and it was due to the free training of *Bullets Bulletin*, he declares, that he succeeded in turning out his powerful Third Prize effort, HIT HIM HARD—SENTENCE—HARDER MOTHER'S "OH!"

Now hear what happened to a Staffordshire man who accepted the same expert guidance to success.

"Before I read *Bullets Bulletin*, I won 24 prizes," relates Mr. F. W. Sykes, 2, Douthall Crescent, Coseley. "But since taking it weekly I have won 69 prizes in the same period."

You cannot fail to be helped and encouraged by *Bullets Bulletin*, yet it costs you only its half-penny stamp. Post off to-night the Reservation Coupon on the opposite page!

## YOUR KEY TO A £600 SUCCESS

THE result of our 952nd Contest is not due to appear until next week, but you need some winning efforts to study before beginning your attack on this week's 25 big Cash-plus-Radiogram prizes.

Let the list of First Prize *Bullets* below be your key to a £600 success. Note as you study them how simple, everyday words have been built up into telling efforts.

GOOD LOSER
MISSUS—PRETENDING *I'm* "PRIZE."

HE'S A PESSIMIST, SO
TROUBLE'S "STAMPED ON HIM."

IN TIME OF TROUBLE
"THE WORD" IS "COURAGE."

OUR MENU
*Planned* ACCORDING TO *Work*.

WHEN WE WAKE UP
FEWER MOTHERS "FALLING ASLEEP."

WHAT MOTHER MADE
AND MERITS, "HEAVENLY HOME."

TERROR OF TO-MORROW
RUSTY "TANK'S" GRIM WARNING.

DEBTS
ENDLESS NOUGHTS—WORLD'S "CHAINS."

HOLDING HER HAND
GRANDPA ENTERS *Another* "PARADISE."

DOCTOR SUNSHINE
CAME "STEALING"—RESTORED "JEWEL."

ON HIS MIND
BOSS "BARKING"—KIDDIE COUGHING.

BRAVE FIGHT
HER "FADED PRINT" RECORDS.

There is not one *Bullet* above which you could not have built for yourself, so why should not this week's £600 winner be yours?

"John Bull" Insurance Gift Registration Forms and the "John Bull" Pen Coupon appear this week on page 2.

# *Big Cash-plus-Radiogram Prizes for 25 Competitors!*

TO-DAY we launch the third sensational offer of *Bullets* great Radio Month, and here is a gigantic seven-day offer of 25 superb Radio Gramophones!

To accompany them, there is a range of 25 substantial cheques, headed by a First Prize increased to the fine sum of £600 cash.

Half an hour's amusing juggling with words this evening—and a pocketful of money and a home full of melody may be your double reward.

No words can do justice to the magnificent £21 "Ultra" Radio Gramophones now waiting to be won with good *Bullets*. These 1935 models, with the latest clock-face tuning device, were one of the sensations of this year's Radio Exhibition at Olympia, and have never been offered in any competition before.

## HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

TO turn out a prize-worthy *Bullet*, read through the *Examples* and make a note of every idea which occurs to you in connection with them. Each of these ideas is worth developing further.

Now compress each one carefully into TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, making sure that it fits the chosen *Example* closely and conveys your meaning clearly.

For instance, when working on the *Example* WOKE UP THE HOUSE, you might have jotted down a note about the *sleepy House of Commons*, and possibly another regarding the recent order *prohibiting motor horns* at night. You could readily combine these two thoughts in the finished *Bullet*, WOKE UP THE HOUSE—So MOTORISTS' HORNS PROHIBITED!

Before starting on your *Bullets* study the good points in the list of winners on the opposite page, noting how their simple words are arranged in effective manner.

Then get to work on your efforts, bearing in mind that your entry must reach the judges by Saturday, September 29.

### USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

WOKE UP THE HOUSE
IN A FURY
THE LAST
WORTH LISTENING TO
SURE OF HIS GROUND
STEP UP
FIRMLY
PUBLIC SERVANT
THINKING OF THE PAST
FEELING JUMPY
OUT OF THE SHADOWS
GOOD FAIRY
TAKEN BY SURPRISE
GLORIOUS MUDDLE
ALL CONCERNED
ZONE OF SILENCE
ON TRIAL
DOESN'T WORK
KIND WORDS
SINKING IN
ON PAPER
TWO EYES OF BLUE
GRADUALLY
GETTING COLDER
SOUND OF THE HORN
NOT ON THE SCENT
HE HAD A JOB, BUT
FOR NOTHING
BLOWN TO BITS
NOBODY
TURNED UP TRUMPS
FOR HOURS AND HOURS
TOMFOOLERY
WRECKED THE CEREMONY
SAID HITLER TO MUSSOLINI
WITH A WATERY SMILE

### 96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, which will also introduce you to a thrilling new £50-a-week *Bullets* Football Contest.

Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

### POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*), to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD. 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

*(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)*

**READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.**

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £600 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 951 will be displayed in the window of Mrs. Dunn, 71, Havelock Road, Northfleet.

**ENTRY-FEE.**—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

**LAST HUGE RADIO GRAMOPHONE OFFER NEXT WEEK**

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(955) Closing SAT., Sept. 29 | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(955) Closing SAT., Sept. 29 | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(955) Closing SAT., Sept. 29 | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(955) Closing SAT., Sept. 29 | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(955) Closing SAT., Sept. 29 | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 955 usually purchase "John Bull."

**Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 955, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**

# ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

**Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it**

## CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

*A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.*

**Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.**

*This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.*

**PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.**

**ALMOND OIL costs 5/6 per lb.**

**Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.**

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

*"You play divinely, my darling, but I am a little distracted gazing at your beauty—and your complexion is the most perfect I have ever seen. And what is this glorious perfume that you use?"*

*FIANCEE: "You flatterer! I do not use any perfume. I use the most perfect soap that I have ever used in my life—it is called Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap, and it is only 6d. a tablet, instead of 2/6, as I paid for other soaps which were not so good, and the lovely perfume comes from this Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. The Almond Oil keeps my face young and, as you say, beautiful. Everyone should try this beatiful soap—originally 1/- per tablet, now 6d."*

**1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.**

*Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from*

**SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. 514), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19**

# NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

## REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX."

"SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush. The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin.

"SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils, all the creases smooth out with its use. Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had, your face will keep young, as Shavex is a skin food. All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, which contains no soda to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin and you will also shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush.

*ASK YOUR CHEMIST WHEN ASKING FOR SHAVEX for a "Shavex" Super Blade. We guarantee it to be the longest lived blade in the world. It is a miracle of sharpness, and the smoothest that one can use on the face. Made of Chrome Steel, and honed by our secret process. Money back if disappointed, and postage.*

*These marvellous SHAVEX Blades are now 2d. instead of 4d.*

**SHAVEX is sold everywhere in 6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots.**

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks, "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic, and Skin Preserver, preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time. Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

*JACK: Good heavens, man, aren't you ready yet? We are late already for dinner, and may miss the speeches.*

*REG: It's no use. I can't go without a shave. I have not shaved for two days, my skin is too sore and shaving soap only makes it worse.*

*JACK: Good Lord, you don't use the old brush and soap method! Send out at once for a tube of Shavex and your skin will feel soothed and you will shave in a couple of minutes. You will feel as fresh as a daisy and your skin will feel like satin and all the soreness will disappear.*

**SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY for FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX.**

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd. (Dept. R 11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

# DOGE CREAM

## THE NEW MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin, and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles, and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream and does not dry up the skin; it keeps the skin supple, firm, and youthful.

If Doge Cream is smeared round the eyes at night, every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

**Per Pot - 1/-**
**Large Pot - 2/-**
**Large Tube - 9d.**

*Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores*

We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

*AT THE CASINO.*

*SHEILA: Look at that beautiful dancer. That is Naida. She is supposed to be the loveliest woman in the World. She is Venetian. Everybody raves over her lovely skin. She has a special cream she uses.*

*BARBARA: Oh, darling! do tell me what it is.*

*SHEILA: I asked her hairdresser this morning, and he told me it was a cream called Doge Cream, and he also told me that she never uses soap for her face and neck, only this Doge Cream. Doesn't she look beautiful! I thought the cream must cost at least 10/- a pot, but you can get it for 1/- and 2/-.*

*BARBARA: That's Wonderful! I shall not rest until I have got some.*

**SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY**
**FOR FREE SAMPLE TUBE OF DOGE CREAM.**

For sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO. LTD. (Dept. De.6), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

# SKIN DISEASES

## Disappear in a Night

**WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.**

*Many may promise a wonderful cure, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol.*

*Beware of Imitations.*

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying some of the big Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

**ECZEMA.**
*"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."*

**VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.**
*"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."*

**ABSCESSES.**
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

**ERYSIPELAS.**
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

**CORNS.**
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

**BURNS.**
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

**BOILS, ETC.**
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

**PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.**
*"I always had Blackheads and pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."*

**LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.**
Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire and for Rheumatism.

**ZEE-KOL**

**The Wonder Skin Remedy**

**4 FREE GIFTS COUPON**

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.19), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.** At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

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